EPISTOLÆ FAMILIARES

ET

ALIA QUÆDAM MISCELLANEA.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES,

AND

OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

Wrote originally in LATIN VERSE,

By JOHN BEVERIDGE, A. M.

Profeſſor of Languages in the College and Academy of PHILADELPHIA.

To which are added ſeveral Tranſlations into Engliſh Verſe, by different Hands, &c.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt. OVID.

PHILADELPHIA.

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M,DCC,LXV.

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AND

OTHER MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

45.
6. 28.
1582.

DEDICATIO.

NULLUS adeſt qui me MECÆNAS protegat almus,
Et Romana jacet longum deſerta poeſis:
Quem mihi patronum ſtatues, O Muſa, laborum?
-----Quem niſi qui noſtris confinibus imperat æquus,
Ipſe Gubernator PENNUS, quem ſanguinis ordo
Illuſtrat?---- "Proavos & quæ non fecimus ipſi"
Trita canis,-----Referas generoſo pectus honeſto
Incoctum; memores recti juſtique tenacem,
Dicere ſufficiat, nil noſtræ laudis egenum.
-----Nota refers. Quorſum hæc? Cur me non protinus illi
De meliore Nota commendas?-----Aſſere noſtrum
Te comitem, ſociumque in ſacris eſſe miniſtrum.
Hoc ſatis eſt illi qui præſidet ipſe Camœnis
Integer, & doctæ non ultima gloria turbæ.
------Hoc placet. Aſt alii ſunt quorum maxima virtus
Eminet; & quorum nullum peritura per ævum
Laus & honor.-----Qui ſunt?----ALLANUS ſcilicet ille
Juſtitiæ Antiſtes, ſic ſervantiſſimus æqui.
Eſt et HAMILTONUS nomen venerabile, cujus
Intemerata fides. Superant & denique plures,
Paſtores, medici, juris legumque periti,
Et mercatores, "quos verſu dicere non eſt;"

Felices Animæ quibus eſt Academia curæ,
Quorum præſidiis innititur alma juventus;
Stat favor ingenuis, propriis induſtria donis
Ornatur.----Quo tendis? Num tu temerare, procaci
Pingere virtutes ipſas aut inſcius ore
Pergis? Siſte, precor, nec notas attere laudes.
-----Mî liceat ſaltem SMITHUM memorare ſagacem,
Solertemque ſimul qui proximus eſt ALISONUM,
Et reliquos teneræ quos præpoſuere juventæ,
Ingenia & mores qui forment rite Magiſtros.
-----Ut ſe quiſque gerat, ſua laus debebitur illi.
-----Succumbo; meritiſque minor nil amplius addam.

JOHANNES BEVERIDGE.

E muſæo meo
viii. Cal. Nov. 1765.

On Mr. BEVERIDGE's Poetical Performances.

YE ſons of learning, every muſes friend,
Whoe'er is ſkill'd in ancient lore, attend:
If muſic ſweet delight your raviſh'd ear,
No muſic's ſweeter than the numbers here.
In former times fam'd MARO ſmoothly ſung,
But ſtill he warbled in his native tongue;
His tow'ring thoughts and ſoft enchanting lays
Long ſince have crown'd him with immortal Bays:
But ne'er did MARO ſuch high glory ſeek
As to excel MŒONIDES in Greek.
Here you may view a bard of modern time,
Who claims fair SCOTLAND as his native clime,
Contend with FLACCUS on the Roman Lyre,
His humour catch, and glow with kindred fire.
When ſome gay rural landſcape proves his theme,
Some ſweet retirement or ſome ſilver ſtream;
Nature's unfolded in his melting ſong,
The brooks in ſofter murmurs glide along,
The gales blow gentler thro' the ruſtling trees,
More aromatic fragrance fills the breeze:
Tiber, the theme of many a bard's eſſay,
Is ſweetly rival'd here in CASCO-BAY.
When fond URBANUS feels love's tort'ring pains,
And to the rocks in deep deſpair complains,
A trickling tear burſts from the weeping eye,
The ſympathetic boſom heaves a ſigh.
When to his LOVELL ſweeteſt numbers flow,
His nervous ſtrains with warmeſt friendſhip glow;
No formal diſtance chides the riſing thought,
With gay, familiar genuine humor fraught.

"Arms and the man" employ'd the Mantuan ſwain,
Achilles' rage the great Mæonian ſtrain;
Juſt indignation bade the ſatyriſt write;
But friendſhip's laws theſe choiceſt lays invite.
Friendſhip oft tun'd the Roman Lyriſt's ſtring,
Friendſhip oft bids the modern muſe to ſing:
But here ſhe ſhines original and pure,
Deck'd with thoſe charmes that gen'rous minds allure;
The ſocial Virtues all around her throng,
And ſeem more lovely in the melting ſong.
Nor is the Hero bleeding for the cauſe
Of injur'd liberty or ſlighted laws;
The Patriot firmly braving glorious death,
Maintaining freedom with his lateſt breath;
Nor is the judge that can a bribe refuſe,
Unſung by B------e's loyal muſe:
PENN, HAMILTON and SHIRLEY's honor'd names,
Whoſe patriot deeds this new-born world proclaims,
Shall ſhew mankind, in theſe heroic lines,
How worth in Poetry conſpicuous ſhines.

A. ALEXANDER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *following pieces were originally the effuſions of friendſhip, and the amuſement of leiſure hours; and never intended for public view, but many of them having been printed by correſpondents both in Great-Britain and America, without my previous knowledge, or due correctneſs of the preſs, I have been perſuaded by ſome, whoſe judgment I value, to have them republiſhed under my own inſpection.*

To animate our youth, either by example or precept, to a diligent ſtudy of the learned languages, would always give me pleaſure, and this particular is not the leaſt part of my preſent view. The gentlemen in New-Cambridge and Boſton, have gained credit by their attempts in theſe languages; and I hope the following collection may not reflect any diſhonour on the inſtitution, in which I am employed. What faults they may have are only chargable to my own account; and thoſe who are beſt able to diſcern, will be moſt ready to make favourable allowances for them; knowing the difficulty of writing in a dead language. Real miſtakes, when pointed out, will be freely acknowledged, and a candid critic will have the author's beſt thanks for his remarks or corrections.

The tranſlations are generally the firſt attempts of youth for their own improvement or amuſement, and will therefore, without doubt, be received with more indulgence than can be claimed for the original pieces. If thoſe bloſſoms of genius only yield a proſpect of future fruit, they ought to be cheriſhed.

Two letters in Engliſh verſe are added to my Latin eſſays. The Rev. Meſſrs. Sterling *and* Lovell's *letters are alſo inſerted, as being the beſt of my Latin correſpondents, and becauſe the anſwers would not have been very intelligible without them.*

It remains that I acknowledge my obligations to the Honourable the Governor, the Truſtees of the College and Academy of Philadelphia, and the other gentlemen who have encouraged me by their ſubſcriptions.

The notes deſigned for the Latin pieces that are tranſlated, will be found annexed to the tranſlations.

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EPISTOLÆ FAMILIARES,

ET ALIA

MISCELLANEA, &c.

Nº. I.

Ad JACOBUM GRANGERUM, M. D.

GRANGERE Verſus pangere Juſſeras:
Sed diſſonantem tendere barbiton
Apollo præſes, tum vocata
Turba novem renuit ſororum.
Me, jam relictis & cythará & jocis,
Aut molle, tinctum aut melle poetico
Ne quid repoſcas; nam recenti
Flagrat atrox animus dolore;
Muſæ mihi, nec verbere, præmiis
Poſſunt moveri, nec precibus piis,
Victura in ævum quin negarunt
Carmina percupido poetæ.
At quid poetam, vir probe, dixerim,
Apollo quem, nec virgineus chorus
Agnoſcit, ales nec caballus
Suſtulit Ætherias in auras.

At Deliumque et virgineum chorum,
Nec non caballum delpicio ferum:
TIBI probatus ſed * TUISque
Fronde novâ celeber vireſcam.

* A Society of Gentlemen.

N°. II.

Ad GULIELMUM LAUDERUM, P. P.

CASEUS pinguis, pyra, mala, nectar
Te manent mecum, Gulielme, ſextam
Occidens quum Sol properabit horam
Axe fugaci.
Diligit pullos nitidumque nidum
Uxor, at tecum gradiatur audax:
Filio quiſquam nec erit venuſto
Gratior umbra.
Riſus & muſæ comitentur almæ,
Innocens et te jocus & lepores:
Linque ſed curas, & amara vitæ
Linque ſeveræ.
Hanc moram rugis ſapiens futuris
Ponito: quamvis viridem ſenectam
Cautus arceto, remorare vitæ
Gaudia blandæ.
Vive nunc: ætas fugit impotentis
Fluminis ritu, volucriſve venti:
Vis ſtitit nulla, et revocavit horas
Nulla volantes.
Umbra ſeu pulvis ſumus, aut inanis
Fumus, et noſtrum remanebit olim
Nil niſi virtus, monumenta ſacra
Ingeniique.

III.

Ad Jacobum Grangerum, M. D.

PENE te nobis violenta febris
Abſtulit, lembum Stygius parabat
Portitor, naulum rogitans avarus
Voce tremendâ.
Sed Deus ſortem miſeratus atræ
Faucibus mortis rapuit, benignus
Te redonavit patriæ, mihique,
Chare Jacobe.
Ergo ſacratas tabulas habeto
Haſce votivas paries, quotannis
Numini *grates* memor & ſalutis
Redde ſuperſtes.

N°. IV.

Ad Rev. Jac. Innesium. V. D. M.

INNESI ſalve, decieſque ſalve,
Charior nobis oculis tenellis:
Te mihi ſemper colui, colamque
Gratus amicum.
Literas quas tu dederas Calendis
Martiis, menſis medio ſequentis
Tradidit nobis tuus ille tardis
Nuncius alis.
Liberos ſalvos, ſociam torique
Lætus audivi, genibuſque flexis,
Numini grates meritas rependi
Pectore puro.

Scripſeram binas etiam Tabellas,
Quas tuo fratri dederam ferendas,
Haſce neglexit ſtudio laborum
Mittere lentus.
Craſſus, inconſtans, hyemalis aer
Regnat hic, multos juvenes ſeneſque
Dura vis fati rapuit ſevero
Funere merſos.
Me tamen vivum vegetumque, ſalvam
Conjugem ſcito, geminamque prolem,
Et fere denas novies catervas
Diſcipulorum.
Sedulus ſponſam, pueros * canoros,
Præſides omnes vigiles ſacrorum
WALKER, & WILSON, pariterque MASON
KERque ſaluta.
Quando te viſam dubius laboro,
Inneſi, multa impediunt volentem,
Plura quam vellem! prohibet ſed hora,
Vive, valeto.

* Charming Singers.

N°. V.

Ad Thomam Peirson, A. M.

THOMA, meorum prime ſodalium,
Cum quo morantem ſæpe diem jocis
Fregi togatus, ſyllogiſmos
Diſcutiens, logicos modoſque.
Tecum palæſtras & dubios logos
Senſi ſophorum, Rymerio duce,
Tecumque, donatus corollis
Laurigeris ſophiæ, receſſi. Hinc

Hinc te recepit limen amabile,
Quo prima vitæ ſtamina duxeras:
Me turbo fortunæ rotavit
Ludibrium variis procellis.
Jam te beatum conjuge gaudeo
Formâ decorâ, doteque divite;
Ornabit et mox jam parentes
Gentis honos numeroſa proles.
Audire natum jam videor tuum
Nunc vagientem, ſedula dum firas
Præbet mamillas nutrix, rapitque
Ore gruens animoſus infans:
Nunc blandientem murmure ſtridulo,
Seu mater offert nota crepundia,
Seu baſiis ſignat labella,
Seu crotalo exhilarat crepaci.
Pupis relictis et crepitaculis,
Bulliſque, tandem, credito, gloriam
Spirabit, ad veros honores
Evehet & generoſa virtus.
Eſt vatibus vis enthea, quâ ſciant
Ventura, vates verus & auguror;
Nec fallet hæc virtus parentum
Inſtabilis cynoſura cymbæ.
Quo tendis audax, muſa, procacibus
Pennis tenebris condita pandere
Denſis? adeſdum mî, rogandus
Pauca vetus comes eſt. Amice,
Ecquid juvant te vincla jugâlia?
Num blandientis ſuavia conjugis
Mellita delectant? magiſve
Jurgia terrificant acerba?
Adverſa lætis, gaudia luctibus,
Lamenta gratis triſtia riſibus
Confundier ſueſcunt quotannis,
Cuncta pari gradierque paſſu.

Ergo ſecundis utere carbaſis
Cautis, iniquis rebus & aſperis
Sperato: Si præſens minetur,
Hora ſequens meliora promat.
Multum rogatus dic, age, nomine
Noſtro ſalutem tum ſociæ tori,
Tum fratribus, matri tuæque:
Atque mei memor eſto. vale.
Vale: ſed heus tu, prodigus oſcula
Largire ſponſæ, cætera cautior:
Heic ſi quid abſurdum videtur
Da facilis veniam roganti.

Prid. Cal.
Jun. 1751.

N°. VI.

Ad Johan. Garmery, A. M.

QUID juvat aſſiduis clamoribus ilia rumpi?
Crudaque ſolicitis tundere ſaxa ſcholis?
Quin potius terras alieno ſole calentes,
Conſequimurque aliis arva beata plagis.
SCOTIA ſeu noſmet nova, PENSYLVANIA felix,
Perpetuo vernans FLORIDA ſive vocat.
Hic æſtate novi deſit nec frigore lactis
Copia, nec preſſis mella liquata favis.
Paſcua felices Zephyri genialia mulcent,
Floribus & variis dædala vernat humus.
Porrigit omnigenas hæc atque hæc area formas,
Viſere ſeu valles, ſeu juga ſumma velis.
Credibile eſt homines, Saturno rege, priores
Aut hos aut tales incoluiſſe locos.
Cõllibus umbroſis hic nunc cantabimus una,
Quâ radiant Paphiis lilia miſta roſis.

Nunc

Nunc libet undivagos nodoſis fallere piſces
Retibus, aut unco ſi magis ære placet.
Jam patet, ecce! Lepus, jam jamque cuniculus errat,
Hinnulus aut pernix, aſſequiturque Lacon.
Nec ſpecioſa ſenis Samii nos dogmata terrent
Regales epulas, has tetigiſſe dapes.
Plurima felices illis mirabimur arvis,
Quæque tibi nequeo nunc memorare. Vale.

N^o. VII.

Ad Johan: Stevenson, M. D.

NE die natum niſi inauſpicatâ,
Et malis credas avibus caballum,
Crura non digno tibi qui ſit auſus
Frangere ſternax.
Hunc nec ingentes decorent triumphi,
Palma nec curſu nobilem: profanus,
Vivat, at tardus, miſer & ſiniſter
Omnibus horis.
Sordidos carros traheaſque ducat
Uſque, nec feſſo niſi putre fœnum
Sit, ſitim ſedat lacus ille ducens
* Nomen ab arcto.
(Qui lacus, § noſtræ boreale claudens
Peſtilens urbis latus, inſalubri
Eſt Cloacinæ ſacer, atque ſpurcas
Accipit undas.)
Icterus triſtis, gravis impetigo,
Contumax illum tetanus ſceleſtum,
Occupet putris ſcabies, maligna et
Ulcera multa.

Sic

Sic trahat longam atque inopem ſenectam;
Exedat vivum mala muſca, vermis
Multiplex, tandem voret inſepultum
Sæva canum vis,
Flammeis merſam Phlegethontis undis
Impiæ æternis furiæ flagellis
Terreant umbram, ſcelerata functo
ſiqua ſuperſit.

N.o VIII.

Ad Jac: Innesium, V. D. M.

MYSTA facer, Jani ſcripturum, crede Calendis
Me vetuit noſtræ cura laborque ſcholæ.
Fallere, ſi credas curam, minuive laborem,
Quotquot eunt creſcit garrula turba dies.
Surgitur, horarum ſpatiumque docendo duarum
Conteritur, primo tum datur hora cibo.
Alteraque in duram me provocat hora palæſtram,
Jam coit, & numero barbara turba premit.
Impar in hac ſterili luctari cogor arena,
Dum teneat medium Phœbus utrinque diem.
Scribitur hinc aliâ dum linea tangitur umbrâ,
Denuo jam laſſos hora ſecunda vocat.
Hic ſtrepitus, rixæ, mendacia verba, querelæ,
Hinc virgæ, miſeris oraque mæſta modis.
Nec cum ſole labor mihi deſinit improbus, illum
In multam noctem ſidera ſera trahunt.
Interea vigiles non æquâ lance labores
Æſtimat ingenio plebs male culta ſuo.
Quin etiam fragilis pedetentim labitur ætas,
(Octo ſuper vitæ luſtra abiere meæ.)

Et

Et ſenſim ſerpit ſenium, mihi tempora caſtis
Spargier incipiunt, deficit atque vigor.
Ignea vis, animique vigor cœleſtia ſpirans,
Qui quondam rapuit me mihi vivus, abeſt.
Ut valeam quæras? mediocriter. Attamen audi,
Lippio, mî tabo lumina, nempe fluunt.
Pharmaca nil proſunt, vel quæ dedit ipſe Machaon;
Languori nec opem fert Crocomagma ſuam,
Sed ne noſtra tuas offendat epiſtola nugis
Auriculas, libet hic ſiſtere: vive, vale.

No. IX.

Ad Eundem.

CARMINA quid poſcis naſcentem quem neq; Phœbus
Pieridumve chorus
Lumine viderunt placido? Cui gratia nato
Nulla fuit Charitum?
" Fabula Pierides ſunt, Phœbus inutile nomen,
" Euphroſyneque nihil.
Torpet at ingenium, langueſcit mentis acumen,
Enthea vis et abeſt.
Verſificare piget; nec aquam mihi ſcripta bibenti
Vivere poſſe puto.
" Sed cane. Non poſſum; parereque juſſus amico
Et libet & timeo.
Quid faciam tanto diſcrimine captus, iniquis
Hæreo nempe vadis.
Cæſaris aggrediar laudes? an viribus impar
Grandia facta ducum?
" Non certe. Satyram? dabit indignatio verſum.
Fallere, Myſta bone.

Velle quidem reſtat, ſed læva in parte mamillæ
Nil mihi, crede, ſalit.
Inſuper & noſtræ certamina dura palæſtræ
Quotidie remeant.
Pluſquam Siſyphio volvendaque ſaxa labore
Me ſine fine premunt.
Inveniat Titan, videant me ſera docentem
Lumina ſparſa polo.
Mercedem dubiam queror hic, certumque laborem;
Vix medicanda mala.
Nunc tantum ſupereſt tibi proſpera vota precemur;
Cunctaque læta tuis.
Carmen habes, carmen ſtipulâ ſtridente miſellum.
Vive valeque bene.

Nº. X.

Ad JOHAN. GARMERY, A. M.

CANDIDUM * PENTLAND nive ſtat, rigeſcens
Horret obductum glacieque ‡ CRAMOND,
Lata Riphæis † Platanus pruinis
Veſtra laborat.
Quam velim terras alio calentes
Sole, cum progne volucri, petiſſem;
Quà gelu nullum, glacieve tectis
Pendula terret.
Ver ubi longum, tepidaſque brumas,
Frondibus ſemper patulis comantes
Arbores, flores dedit uſque blandos
Numen amicum.
FLORIDÆ ſaltus, virideſque ſylvæ,
§ ASHLY ſeu flumen, regio Britannis
Culta, ſit ſedes utinam ſenectæ
Certa beatæ.

Hic

Hic locus ridet mihi præter omnes,
Unde ſi parcæ prohibent, deinde
Tum petam * SGHUYLKILL cupidus ſcatentem
Piſcibus amnem.
Jam per umbroſos videor vagari
Montium ſaltus, virideſque lucos,
Quà ſtrepens olim viridante ripâ
Clauditur unda.
Voce quà blandas hominum loquelas
Pſittacus ſylvis imitatur altis,
Et levat feſſos numeroſa cantu
Turba volantûm.
Incolas quà ſol hilarat quietos,
Floſculis tellus variis renidet,
Quàque pergratis ſtrepitant et aura, et
Unda ſuſurris.
Plura quid fruſtra memorem? redito
Muſa, fortunam bene ferre veſtram
Diſce, quam præſens inimica quamvis
Porrigit hora.

N°. XI.

Carmen Pastorale.

URBS colitur priſcis quondam celeberrima Scotis,
Incumbens ſaxo ſolido, cui nomen EDINÆ.
Venerat huc PHYLLIS pulcherrima Scotigenarum
Montibus ex patriis, ubi Oreadas inter agreſtes
Prima fuit, denos bis non aſpexerat annos
Gloria deliciæque patris: quam forte vagantem
Viderat URBANUS ſubitoque exarſit, at illa
Munere nec pretio potuit precibuſve moveri.

Hunc igitur vanis fundentem vota querelis
Audiit * ARCTURI Rupes & inhoſpita ſaxa:
Audiit, & planctus gemebunda remurmurat ECHO.
Echo ſola meos miſerata eſt, inquit, amores;
Triſtia nam mœſtis ex ſaxis aſſonat imis,
Flebile luctiſonis reſponſat et uſque cicutis.
Me miſerum quoties exclamo, lugubris illa
Me miſerum ingeminat gelidis e vallibus: EHEU
Clamanti exclamat, repetitis vocibus, EHEU!
O rupes! O mî quondam dilectaque ſaxa!
O valles ſolitas audire et reddere voces
Phyllidis auricomæ! num jam mihi ferre poteſtis
Auxilii quidquam, rabidos lenire dolores?
Phyllis abeſt, longumque vale mihi dixit; avenas,
Delicias quondam, fragiles perdamque cicutas.
Phyllis abeſt, nec me delectant carmina, nec me
Lanigerive greges, dulcefvé ante omnia muſæ.
Naides, & ſordent mihi munera veſtra, nec ipſe
Pan placeat, calamis ſi quando inflare miſellis
Tentet, & ingentes divellere pectore curas.
O crudelis amor! crudelia ſaxa! boveſque
Crudeles! qui non ſentitis pectoris Æſtus;
Quales fornicibus ruptis ciet Ætna Typhois
Ore vomens lapideſque feros, flammaſque Globoſque
In Siculos agros, liquefactaque ſaxa revolvit.
O pecora! O capræ, crudeles vos quoque! noſtri
Vos neque, paſtores, miſereſcitis. Improba ſaxa
Torreat acre gelu, montiſque cacumina lævi
Horreſcant ſubitis ventis, tumidiſque procellis,
Perpetuo cœlum contriſtet bruma nivoſis
Imbribus, æternis rigeat fera terra pruinis.
Vos, pecora, inſani perimant contagia morbi
Dira, vel innumeris jaceant laniata per agros
Membra lupis: ſcelerata lues, vel numinis ira
Ultricis vigiles miſerandâ morte magiſtros

Tollat

Tollat, & hos nemo plangat. Sed quæ furor ægram
Impius abripuit mentem? Quid ſaxa? Quid aer?
Quid capræ? aut ovium quid commeruere magiſtri?
Quid vos devoveam? Piget, & maleſana furenti
Dicta mihi, ſimul et temeraria vota recanto.
Si rata namque forent quæcunque armata flagellis
Ira, aut præcipiti furibunda inſania motu
Dictitat, URBANO quæ ſpes reſtaret ut iſtas
Nympha memor noſtri formoſa reviſeret oras?
Quin potius ſtudiis conſpirent omnia junctis
Phyllida blanditiis iterum revocare tenellis.
Spina roſas, viridans cerealia munera fruges
Terra ferat; volucrum reſonet clamoribus æther
Blandidulis; pecudum mugitus ſidera pulſent.
Pabula felices capræ genialia carpant,
Balanteſque greges ovium: nova gaudia vobis
Uſque renaſcantur, paſtores: tempora brumæ
Perpetuum vernent, modiciſque caloribus æſtas
Suggerat armento fœcundas graminis herbas.
Talia dicentem circumque gregeſque boveſque,
Circum paſtores, circumque ſtetere bubulci,
Et lachrymis maduere genæ: ferus ipſe Cupido
Condoluit, cæcis mons ingemuitque cavernis.

N^o. XII.

Ad Rev. JOHAN. HUNTER, V. D. M.

ACCIPE promiſſum PRINGLÆI carmen amici
Molliculum, tenerum.
Hoc opus haud parvum, breve ſit licet: auctor & artem
Exhibuitque fidem.
Perlege, perlectum decies decieſque placebit,
Mi venerande ſenex. Hoc

Hoc age, rugôſæ curas ſolare ſenectæ
Dulcibus alloquiis,
Diviſis ſtudiis, blandâque aliquando poeſi,
Innocuiſve Jocis.
Hæc ſatis invitâ jam me ceciniſſe Minervâ:
Poſtmodo plura. Vale.

N^o. XIII.

Ad Jac. Innesium, V. D. M.

INNESI vivo, valeo: Marita
Et duo nati vegetant, amice.
Conſtat undenis decies tribuſque
Turba ſtudentûm.
Tu para quicquid ſapiat palatum
Barbarum, nam te properans diebus
Pauculis viſam, niſi quid ſiniſtro
Omine tardet.

N^o. XIV.

Ad Eundem.

TU ſuſcitas mi ſæpius, INNESI,
Facunde muſam, ſed laterem lavas:
Hæc namque dudum, me relicto,
Jam tenuit juga ſumma Pindi:
Pindique ſaxis ſurdior aſperis
Nil audit. Hoc ſed numen inutile,
Sic Hippocrenen pendo flocci,
Quoſque choros Helicon ſacravit

Olim

Olim. Sonacem tendere Barbiton
Obſtat quid ergo quum liber, inquies?
Innata mi vis, O amice,
Ingenium prohibetque tardum.
Curis docendi diſtrahor anxius
Duris, coactus carmina condere,
Formica ſeu multo labore
Impar onus trahit ore micam.
Nunquam futurum eſt ut feriam poli
Sublimis alto ſidera vertice:
Sic vivus & vitâ ſolutus
Fumus ero, aut ſine laude nomen.

Id. Mar. 1751.

N°. XV.

Ad JOHAN. PRINGLE.

SCIRE licet quid agis? quid tantum fumus EDINÆ,
Quidve juvat ſtrepitus?
Villaque veſtra placet cur non? jucunda ubi viſu,
Rura ſituque jacent.
Paſcua felices Zephyri genialia mulcent,
Parturit omnis ager.
Creſcentes vituli minitantur cornibus; agni,
Trimaque curſat equa.
Exulat hic Boreas, gratas diffundit & umbras
Vel ſterilis platanus.
Pomiferi vernis redolent & floribus horti:
Heic apiumque labor
Fervet mellificans: hæc atque hæc area formas
Porrigit omni genas;
Narciſſum, Violas, Cytiſum, Meliphyllon, Acanthos,
Lilia, Narda, Roſas. Temporibus

Temporibus primis tali vixiſſe vireto
Credibile eſt homines.
Hic tu tantillum ſtudioſæ tædia vitæ
Dilue; vive. Vale.

Stitchil Cal. Maji 1738.

N^o. XVI.

MAJOR humani generis fatigat
Pars polum, vitæ brevius querendo
Tempus, et tunſum nimium procellis
Quod ſit iniquis.
Non ita eſt: longam dedit & quietam
Nam deus, noſmet miſeram brevemque
Fecimus ſortem: Nihil eſt ab omni
Parte beatum.
Hunc amor torquet, miſera & cupido,
Heu nefas! nunquam ſatiatâ habendi,
Et manu ne quid pereat doloſâ
Cura remordet.
Illum agunt mentis ſcelerum furores
Conſciæ; ſunt quos ſtimulat Libido:
Pectoris fervor malus occupavit
Ambitioſos.
Qui poteſt felix habitare ſecum,
Is brevem vitam, miſeram aut malignam
Non vocat: præſens rape lætus ævum,
Linque quod ultra eſt.
Tempus elapſum bene quiſque laudat,
Odit at præſens, cupit et futurum.
Quî poteſt dici breve tempus illud
Longius eſt quod

Omnium

Omnium votis. Satis ille vixit
Qui bene: elapſas revocavit horas
Nemo, currentes ſtitit, aut fugaces
Eſt comitatus.
Qui dies omnes fugientis ævi
Ordinat rectos, timeat ſequens quod
Craſtinum non eſt, labor omnis illi ut
Vivere diſcat.
Fugit hinc OLIM, tibi nec redibit,
NUNC ſed utaris bene, nam quod ultra eſt
Clauſit obſcuris ſapiens tenebris
Omne Creator.
Crinis albeſcens numerabit annos,
Vixit at quantum nequit indicare
Canus: Ah longum ſpatium ſeni, ſed
Vita brevis quam!
Quid putas illos iter iſſe longum,
Quos maris fluxus tulit huc et illuc,
Impotens aut vis Boreæ furentis
Egit in orbem.
Protinus vivas monet omnis hora;
Præterit præſens, celeriſque currit,
Et fugæ quenquam nihil admonebit
Dura velocis.
Interim tu ſtas, aderit moranti
Mors, & invitum rapiet ſevera,
Non enim Gazæ, nec opes, honorve
Summovet atram.
Te decem annoſum, totidemque luſtra
Longa viderunt, macieſque veſtras
Occupat malas: ſuperare ſperas
Tempora vitæ
Labilis longa? et juveneſcis alto
Otio? lethi memor eſto, parce
Tempori, condiſce mori, citiſque
Utitor horis.

" Quanta mortales latebris opacis
" Nox tegit mentes, Deus O! tenebris
Dirige errantes, dubiisque cæcos
Dirige greſſus.
Reſpice humani, pater alme, vanos
Pectoris motus: quibus in tenebris
Mens jacet cæcis, animus quibuſque
Devius errat.
Abluas ſordes, veniamque faſſis
Des, et errata emaculès nefanda:
Cordis O purges latebras, Creator
Optime rerum.

No. XVII.

Ambulatio Matutina.

LIQUERAT Phœbus Thetidis cubile
Conjugis charæ, radiis nec omnes
Montium clivos, Jugá ſumma tantum
Viderat almus,
Membra cum vili relevans grabato,
Prodeo ſolus vacuos in agros,
Gemmeo vernans ubi ſumma rore
Herba renidet.
Luna ſe condit, ſilet omnis aura,
Crocitat corvus, ſtrepitatque cornix,
Vocibus lætis avium genuſque
Aera complet,
Balat hic agnus, reboatque taurus,
Ludit exultim vitulus, frugeſque
Alma profundit veluti benigno
Copia Cornu.

Dignus

Dignus hic Phœbo locus, et Camœnis,
Sed filet Phœbus, filet; & Camœnæ
Exulant, quorum loca ſacra ſupplet
Numinis aura.

Nº. XVIII.

Quam fluxa Spes Mortalium.

PARENTUM primitiæ et deliciæ,
Præceptorum decus, omnium oculus,
Amicis vero vel oculis charior,
Formâ decorus, linguâ facetus, ingenio promptus,
Supra annos ſapiens,
* JOHANNES PRINGLÆUS
Antiquâ familiâ Stizzillinâ ortus,
Futurus ipſe, ſi vixiſſet, ejuſdem princeps,
Suiſque ornamentum,
Gravi, heu! correptus febri,
Fato præmaturus conceſſit,
Vix dum inito quarto ætatis luſtro.

Hæc amoris ergo ab J. B.

* Son to Sir ROBERT PRINGLE of Stichil, near Kelſo, in Scotland, a Gentleman of the greateſt Virtue and faireſt Reputation; to whom the Author is indebted for many obligations, which he gratefully acknowledges.

Nº. VI.

Ad Ludimagistros Scotiæ.

ITE nunc nugæ, ſteriles Camœnæ
Ite, vobiſcum ſatis eſt quod annos
Egimus primos, aliis relinquo
Littus arandum. Vos

Vos juventutis docilis magiſtri,
Vos mei quondam ſocii valete;
Quos premunt pallor, macies, egeſtas,
Turba miſella!
Fingitis magno ſtudio juventam,
Improbus certe labor; at deinceps
(Proh pudor!) durum ſequitur laborem
Sordida merces.
Præſtat algentes Scythiæ pruinas,
Seu pati ſævas ubicunque gentes,
Præſtat arentes Libyæ per oras
Ducere remos,
Credo vos veras Danai puellas
Dolii rimas reparare fruſtra,
Siſyphum verum toties recurrens
Volvere ſaxum.
Quam piget veſtræ meminiſſe ſortis
Lubricæ lævæ, ſterilis, malignæ!
Quam vicem veſtram doleo ſiniſtram
Queſtibus æger.
Conſulo terras alio calentes
Sole quamprimum, duce me, petatis:
Vos vocat longum Nova perbeatis
ANGLIA glebis.
FLORIDÆ ſaltus, virideſque ſylvæ
Advocant Baccho, Cererique cultæ,
Quà fluit cunctis veluti benigno
Copia cornu.
Tædium longi maris et viarum,
Bella ventorum varias viceſque,
Et procelloſi ſubeatis ultro
Æquoris iras.
Bella ventorum leviora veſtris
Litibus, quando male grata proles,
Seu parens ardens minime merenti,
Jurgia jactat.

Lingua probroſis rabioſa verbis
Sævius ferro ſecat innocentes;
Perdit & nomen, decus, atque famam
Immeritorum.
Non ego poſthac adero, ſodales,
Cœtibus veſtris: valeatis omnes;
Me vocat lætis nova pervolentem
ANGLIA ſylvis.
Sponte quà tellus variis redundat
Fœtibus, dumis avium cohortes,
Alites ſylvis latitant opacis
Regia præda.
Hinnulus latis vagus errat arvis,
Flumina & piſces habitant frequentes,
Læta Saturni referunt et aurum
Tempora priſcum.

Id. Aug. 1752.

N^o. XX.

Ad Jac. Innesium, V. D. M.

TÆDIUM longi maris & viarum,
Bella ventorum varias viceſque,
Et procelloſi rabiem profundi
Jam ſuperavi:
Atque compoſtus requieſco pace
Lætus ad ripam viridantis amnis,
Tuta quà CASCO ſinuoſus offert
Littora nautis:
Gratior quà ſol radiis refulget,
Aptior tellus avidis colonis,
Lenior gratis Zephyri ſuſurris
Murmurat aura.

Dama

Dama fœcundis levis errat agris,
Piſcium puris genus omne rivis,
Alites ſylvis, Aviumque turba
Plurima dumis.
Æſtuet vultu Boreas minaci,
Sæviat diris Aquilo procellis,
Eurus hinc præceps niveos liquores
Spiret ab ortu;
Hic tamen vitæ liceat beatæ
Mî bonis uti, pariter faventis
Læta fortunæ, mala ſeu minantis
Ferre parato.
Nam juvant ſylvis operum labores,
Gratus & ſudor fluit; atra bilis,
Cura nec vanis animum querelis
Anxia turbat.
Attamen torquet male nunc, amice,
Talus intortus; glacies fefellit
Lævis incautum, ſubituſque lapſu
Volvor iniquo.
Cæterum vivunt vegetantque noſtri:
Omnibus ridet locus, atque ridet
Copiam ſpondens inarata cornu
Terra benigno.
Scire nunc hæc te volui: Tabellas
Scriberem longas, ſed aquam bibenti
Scripta ſunt ævi brevis, ut probavit
Carmine Flaccus.

Pridie Cal.
Jan. 1753.

N°. XXI.

Ad NATHANAEL GARDNER, A. M.

CARMINA me poscis? dare vellem, sed neque sacri
Ardua Parnassi mihi nota cacumina, Pindi
Nec juga, Pieriis nec fontibus ora rigavi,
Insuper (& credas) Arctoo frigore tacta
Musa riget, sanguis concrevit, et entheus olim
Qui fuerat juveni mihi nunc deferbuit ardor.
Otia musarum comites, nemorumque recessus,
Et virides ripas quærunt, lymphasque loquaces:
Me labor assiduus vel bobus vertere terram
Distinet, aut versis committere semina sulcis,
Seu validis steriles rastris contundere glebas,
Et cumulare solum marris, ne crescere segnes
Noxia tritici præfocent gramina messes.
Nec pudet immundum cinerem jactare per agros,
Et segetes resecare manu, submittere tauros,
Ponderibusque gravata suis deducere plaustra.
Jam nunc et versus meditor dum ligna requiro
Nutrimenta fotis: En! hic est Æsculus ingens,
Incola per multos annos, et gloria sylvæ,
Ad cœlum ramos, annosaque brachia tendens,
Glande ferax, olim suibus gratissima fœtis,
Et pennata cohors foliis modulatur in altis.
Condemno capitis: multâ vi brachia tollo,
Vestibus abjectis, sonat icta securibus ilex,
Et resonant sylvæ, reboant cava saxa, remugit
Omne nemus, longe gemituque remurmurat Echo.
Diffugiunt volucres, sudor fluit inde per artus,
Membra madent, durisque subacta bipennibus arbor
Nunc labat, instabilis sublimi vertice nutans;
Incipit et demum caput inclinare superbum,
Viribus incumbo totis, & segmina circum

Me

Me volitant, imas ferrum penetratque medullas
Arboris, exciſo vix tandem robore, truncus
Concidit, et terram quatit ingens pondere vaſto:
Immanem denſis corylis, ſpiniſque ruinam
Attrahit, horrendamque rubis fert undique ſtragem.
Accurruntque boves veſcas depaſcere frondes.
Jamque jaces, veteris ſylvæ generoſa propago,
Pondus iners, lignum fœdis et inutile porcis,
Nec ſtrepitat foliis avium genus amplius altis.
Sudandum eſt iterum, lignumque in fruſta ſecandum
Bis duo longa pedes, iterumque bipennibus inſto,
Ictibus & vehemens nervoſos tollo lacertos:
Ora madent, rivis calidus fluit undique ſudor.
Nec blandâ refovere licet mihi membra quiete
Hæc dum dura mei pars eſt exacta laboris.
Nec jam finis erit, cuneis nam fiſſile lignum
Scindere, robuſtis plauſtriſque imponere reſtat,
Ducendum pigris ad littora curva juvencis.
Hic venale jacet, quæſitas navita merces
Dum ferat, et minimo mihi fallax auferat. Inde
Herculeum cogor ſylvis iterare laborem.
Pallida ſed jam nox atris circumvolat alis,
Atque domum propero defeſſus. Vive, valeque.

N°. XXII.

Ad Eundem.

MI chare GARDNER, die, Aganippidas
Quo fonte lymphas, et latices ſacros
Ingurgitâſti? ſed liquores
Hoſce, cave, furor eſt bibenti.

Non

Non tam Lyæi munera maſſici
Nocere poſſunt: alea quæ foret
  Timenda ſi celſas in auras
    Pegaſeis veherere pennis?
Ne territent te ſpectra tamen vaga:
Audeto fortis: Sic culicem MARO,
  Ranas coaxantes Homerus
    Sic cecinit ſpecimen futuri.
Pennis tenellis ſic Jovis armiger
Præludit ales, vitat et ardua;
  Attollit at ſe mox in auras
    Siderios ſuperans meatus.
Inter Novanglos nunc § AGAMENTICUS
Pindo relicto ſit locus aptior
  Doctis Camœnis: hinc revolvunt
    Pierias tibi, Gardner, undas.
Eſt propter urbem * Colliculus virens,
Quo ſigna Mavors horridus erigit,
  Hunc, Marte dejecto, novellum
    Finge tuis Helicona muſis.
Exhaurias hinc, quotquot eunt dies,
Sacri furoris ter tria pocula;
  Sic omne ſpirabit poema
    Ambroſiam, liquidumque nectar.

* Beacon-Hill.

N°. XXIII.

Ad illuſtriſſimum &c. GULIELMUM SHIRLEY, NOV-ANGLIÆ Gubernatorem, &c. cum iter ad pacem cum Indis ineundam adornaret.

PERGIS extremas, bone dux, in oras,
  Caſco quà tutos laterum receſſus
Format objectu, Boreas ut atras
    Aſperat undas

Vota ſi proſint, valeant preceſve,
Has petas terras, redeaſque ſoſpes,
Nec dolo, ſævus noceat nec armis
Hoſtis iniquis.
Fœdus optatum, vel aperta bella
Incolis ſylvæ referas ab Indis,
Queis nefas ſuadet, ſtimulatque fraude
Gallia mendax.
Sentiant Galli truculenta Martis,
Numinis juſtas trepident & iras,
Jura dum ſpernunt, temerant fidemque
Dira minantes.
Interim pacis bona te ſequantur,
Te favor ſummus populi patrumque;
Te ſator rerum tueatur, æqua
Sponte ſequutum.

XXIV.

Ad EUNDEM,

GRASSANTE bello protegis § Accadam,
Arces ſuperbas diruis hoſtium,
Emptâque lætantur Britanni
Pace tuis, bone dux, triumphis;
Fruſtra, Nov-Anglis perfida Gallia,
Gens ſueta ſemper fœdera ſpernere,
Quod Marte non auſa eſt aperto
Pacis ope exitium ſtruebat.
EUROPA dum te præſidium & decus
Noſtrum tenebat, fœdifragus rapit
Vi Gallus iſthmum, augetque * FUNDÆ
Pene ſinu CANADENSE flumen. Nunc

§ Nova-Scotia formerly called Accada or Accadia.

* The Bay of Fundy reaches within a little of St. Lawrence or Canada river, and forms the peninſula of Nova-Scotia.

Nunc, te reverſo, lætâ Colonia
Robur renaſcens conſilium & videt,
Hortaris & quicquid ſenatum,
Plebs alacri bibit aure plaudens.
Et jam vocâras ut renovent vetus
§ Indos Britannis fœdus, & arcibus
Amni parabas † KENNEBECCI
Impoſitis cohibere Gallos.
Romana dudum relligio ordinis
Fratres ſceleſti cinxerat infulâ.
Quo fallerent vulgus ſequentûm,
Sub ſpecie ſociorum JESU.
Iſti nefandis artibus impii
Et fraude plus quam (credite) Punicâ,
" Ad arma ceſſantes, ad arma
Indigenas nemorum ciebant.
Indi fremebant murmure Martio
Vultu feroces; condere nec ſua
Caſtella permittunt Britannis,
Empta prius nec habere rura.
‡ Captis tabellis, conſilia improba,
Fratrum latentes et retegis dolos,
Sagax Gubernator, probante
Ingenium populi coronâ.
Statim ſtupentes ponere vidimus
Vultus minaces ſylvicolas feros,
Et fronte placatâ jubere
Arva coli populata quondam.

Quin

§ The deſign of that voyage to Caſco was to conclude a peace with the Indians.

† Kennebec is a large river towards the eaſt of New-England, and this ſummer fort Halifax was built upon it to be a check upon the French and Indians.

‡ A letter was at this juncture intercepted at George's river from one French Jeſuit to another, to ſtir up the Indians againſt the Engliſh,

Quin deſtinatas condere jam volunt
Arces Britannos, fœdera candidæ
Pacis requirunt, pignorantque
Sponte nigram ſobolem Nov-Anglis.
Doctum vetuſtas credidit Orphea
Traxiſſe ſylvas & lapides lyrâ,
Suavique demulcere cantu
Tartareum potuiſſe regem.
Ferina ſic gens barbariem exuit,
Optanda pacis dum bona prædicas,
Rudemque, ut interpres deorum,
Blandiloquo trahis ore turbam.
Sic laude creſcas quotquot eunt dies,
Sic te parentem grata Nov-Anglia
Agnoſcat, æternetque nomen
Per memores tibi fama faſtos.

N°. XXV.

Ad JONATHAN MAYHEW, S. T. P.

SAXA quæ ducant, Jonathan, ſequaces
Et trahant ſylvas, fidibus canoris
Orphei Thracis, celereſque ventos
Quæ remorentur,
Eſtque opus ligno, calidis caminis,
Candido qui nos hilaret ſodali,
Atque quod curas animis falerno
Arceat acres.
Horret albeſcens Sythicis pruinis
Uſta nam tellus, glacie fluenta
Pigra concreſcunt ſolidâ, niveſque
Omnia complent.

Intonat

Intonat præceps Boreas, et atris
Incubat nimbis Aquilo, procellas
Parturit Caurus, vacuâque regnat
Æolus aulâ.
Terra nunc flores, virideſque cultus
Perdidit, montes nive ſtant operti,
Frondibus gratas viduata ſylva
Ingemit umbras.
Deſerunt lucos volucres, petuntque
Caldior quos Sol recreat colonos,
* Virgo ſeu nomen dedit, aut beatis
Carolus illis.
Piſcium cœtus, pecus & marini
Protei felix; medio calore
Nam vadis gaudent, hyemeſque vitant
Ima premendo.
Urſus effoſſis latitat cavernis
Sævus, & ſævâ rabie repôſtâ,
Propriam paſcens adipem quieſcit
Tempore brumæ.
Sirii ſed nos maleſanus ardor,
Seu gelu torret: patimur viciſſim
Fervidos ſoles, hyemes iniquas,
Frigus & Æſtus.
Corpus hinc ægrum trahimus, fugitque
Vita vaneſcens tenues in auras,
Fumeus quaſi vapor, aut ad ignem
Roſcidus humor.
Longa nos omnes, niſi laude dignos,
Nox manet; ſolum monumenta vatum
Nomen æternent, redimantque ſeram
Funere famam.
Pergamon quamvis furibunda Juno
Verterit, regnum Priami vetuſque,
Ille Smyrnæis inimica plectris
Fata repenſat.

Nº. XXVI

Ad D. JOHANNEM BEVERIDGE ad rus ſuum iter mari parantem.

Authore JOHANNE LOVEL *Boſtonienſi.*

SPIRANS per agros lene Favonius,
Tellus aratroque apperiens ſinum
Invitat, expectantque veſtrum
Jam reditum, BEVERICE, rura.
Sperare curſus & faciles licet
Ventos ferentes, innocuum & mare,
Si quid valebunt uſquam amici,
Aſſiduis pia turba votis.
Inculta tandem barbaries fugit,
Saltuſque linquit victa Nov-Angliæ,
Et mox ſubibunt, te ſequentes,
Simplicitas animique candor.
Hic lenta ſtratus membra ſub Æſculo,
Si cui pepercit forte manus tua,
Captabis umbras hoſpitales,
Tuque vicem referes canendo.
Non uſitatâ voce ſonat nemus,
Impellis audax dum Latiam fidem,
Promiſque carmen quale Tibur
Audiit, & Venuſina ſylva.
Largam canoræ materiam lyræ
† SHIRLÆUS offert, nomen amabile,
Quo tutus intras, & quod ultro
Ipſa petunt nemora audiendum.
Utcunque blandos arte cies ſonos,
Doctoque chordas pollice dividis,
Nec murmur auditur per undas,
Nec Zephyris agitantur orni. Attenta

† Governor of New-England.

Attenta ramis turba volatilûm
Cantus remittunt, insolitos modos
Dum ludis, auritasque fagos
Carmine tu potiore mulces.
Sic vester olim Cynthius igneas
Arces reliquit, pinguia Thessali
Armenta pasturus, labores
Leniit & citharâ sonaci.
Nec tu minaces sylvicolas time,
Nec monstra, quotquot sylva vetus tenet;
Adire desistunt pericla
Innocuum, scelerisque purum.
Flaccum nec anguis morsibus abstulit,
Illum Philippis nec fera spicula;
Texere musæ quem fugacem,
Quem foliis puerum palumbes.

N°. XXVII.

D. Johanni Lovell Johannes Beveridge, S. P. D.

QUAS tu Camœnas, quem vel Apollinem
Exsufcitâsti verticibus novis,
Lovelle? Quos jactat vetustas
Æquiparas Helicone natos.
Frustra disertos Græcia jactitat
Mendax poetas, nostra Nov-Anglia
Pindumque, Parnassumque, doctos
Et proprios habet ipsa vates.
Non cedit alto Pindo AGAMENTICUS,
Et propter urbem * COLLICULUS viret,
Mavortis olim; nunc Camœnis
Entheus hunc furor arrogavit. Utcunque

* Beacon-Hill

Utcunque blandum pollice barbiton
Chordaſque tangis, filaque conſona,
Lovelle, non Tibur ſupinum,
Non ſuperat Venuſina ſylva.
Sed vina potas; mî ſatis eſt liquor,
Quem ſponte præbet rivulus; aſtraque
Sic veſtra ſcandit, noſtra muſa
Stringit humum trepidante pennâ:
Non auſa laudes magnanimûm ducum
Cantare, non quam materiam lyræ
SHIRLÆUS offert, civibuſve
Angligenis HALIFAX colendus.
Inculta ſylvas barbaries tenet,
Lovelle, noſtras; Terra viros parit
Tantum ferinos, & timendas
Ungue feras, rabidâque malâ.
Non hic canoro gutture turdulus
Soles recentes recreat; omine,
Sed non ſecundo, bubo mentes
Solicitat per opaca noctis.
Siquando cordi eſt mî calamos leves
Inflare, ventis triſte gemit nemus,
Et urſus infelix, lupuſque
Exululant, reboante ſylvâ,
Invitus autem quo feror impetu?
Quo muſa tendis? Quidve Elegeias
Cantare pergis? Huc redito,
Namque brevi meliora ſpero.

No. XXVIII.

N°. XXVIII.

Ad Nat. Gardner, A. M.

DUM ſtupet Indus claſſe Britannica
*ONTARIONEM jam ſubigi ſuum,
SHIRLÆUS audax & phalanges
Ducit, agens inimica caſtra;
Fortis manuque & conſilii potens,
† NIAGARANIS arcibus imminet,
Hoſtilis et turmas tyranni
Terga premens animoſus urget.
‡ JOHNSTONUS et dum lilia Gallico
Tingit cruentus ſanguine, quo tua
Aufugit, O Gardner, Thalia?
Quid toties revocata ceſſat?
Numnam reviſit Caſtalias aquas?
Seu præpetis quas ungula Pegaſi
Detexit? At jam mox citato
Geſta ducum referatque noſtra.
Dic, quæſo, tandem dic properet chylyn
Portetque gratam, nec tua Lydia
Abſit volenti, dic Lovello
Ut properet, comitante Phœbo.
Quin et choreis gratior it dies,
Pulſanda tellus ter pede, tum ſuos
Fundat liquores Hippocrene,
Tu calices generoſiores.

N.° XXIX.

Ad GUL. SHIRLEY, Eq; aur. &c. cum rediret ab Oſwego, &c.

IO TRIUMPHE hic quid ſibi vult frequens?
Urbs læta feſtis quid micat ignibus?
Tectiſque pendentes lucernæ
Nocte vices referunt diei.
Tum rauca mittunt fulmina machinæ,
Immiſſa cannis nitra paluſtribus,
Sulphurque crinitos cometas
Ætherеis imitantur oris.
SHIRLÆE, ſalve; nam reduci tibi
Hæc facta cerno gaudia: pectore
Lætantur & grato Nov-Angli
Soſpite te duce, te recepto.
Non ære fuſo miſſa tonitrua,
Aerve fictis ſideribus micans,
Plauſuſve quos denſis theatris
Ingeminat popularis aura,
Addunt honorem tam memorabilem
Feſto diei, quam POLYHYMNIA
Facunda, ſi quando canoro
Pulſat ebur geniale plectro.
Hæc ſola dignos laude vetat mori,
Oblivionis faucibus eripit,
Donatque vitam, quam nec anni,
Sera nec imminuat vetuſtas.
Ceſſante muſâ, quis nemorum avia,
Strataſque valles? flumina pontibus
Firmata ſtructis, & viarum
Clauſtra ſatis memoret refracta?

Ontarionem

Ontarionem claſſe Britannicâ
A te ſubactum? Quiſve *Niagaram
Dicet tremiſcentem Nov-Anglorum
Arma, ducem, comiteſque turmas?
* Hæc inter autem quid video tuos
Vultu ſevero? Quid male pectoris
Æſtus recondunt? Aut ocellos
Quid lachrymis video natantes?
Heu fata! ſed quid vos queror anxius
Cunctis amatos? Heu pater! Heu nimis
Piæ ſorores! nam beati
Elyſium tenuere fratres;
Et laude digni: noſtra ſed impotens
Camœna ſylvis aptior aſperis,
Cultus et expers dignioris
Atque minor meritis fatiſcit.
Sed noſtra quamvis muſa ſit impotens,
Inepta laudes dicere nec queat;
At fama poſt fatum ſuperſtes
Laude dehinc meritâ vireſcet.

* Governor Shirley had juſt loſt two ſons, one at Braddock's defeat, another by a fever, both hopeful youths------N. B. The author happened to come to Boſton the very night that General Shirley arrived there after his expedition to Oſwego. Governor Shirley was at this time General in chief of his Majeſty's forces in America.

N^o. XXX.

Ad Nobliſſ. virum GEORGIUM MONTAGUE Dunk, Comitem de HALIFAX, &c.

GALLICA cum rabies Europam marte nefando
Concuteret, tremerent Rhenum Rhodanumque bibentes,
Iſter & indomitus bello quateretur acerbo,
Auſpiciis tunc, ANNA, tuis, et numine dextro,

Contudit elatos animos, faſtumque ſuperbæ
MALBORIUS genti, clarus victricibus armis.
Sanguinis effuſi, tantorum totque laborum
Anglia ab hoſte ſibi & ſociis poſt mille triumphos,
Præmia magna tulit, ſed nullum majus habendum
ACCADIA; hanc, Galli poſt longi tædia belli,
Languentes ægre tandem ceſſere Britannis.
Gurgitibus latet hic vaſtis genus omne natantûm,
Squamigerumque greges, inter quos grandia cete
Exultant, undaſque immani corpore ſulcant;
Æquora tota bibunt, elata & naribus efflant,
Oceanumque vomunt, circumque aſpergine cœlum
Obſcurant, nitidumque diem ſub nube recondunt:
Ima petit vulgus, per aperta pericula præceps
Attonitumque ruit.
Deſuper ingentes ſylvæ juga ſumma coronant:
Hic capita attollunt quercus, hic nautica pinus
Antennis maliſque aptiſſima ſurgit in altum.
Hic cum ſævit hyems, pelago et volvuntur aquarum
Prærupti montes, ſtatio fidiſſima nautis
Brachia protendit ſinuoſum littus amica.
Veliferas, quotquot per vaſta immenſa profundi
Huc volitant, puppes opibus ſive orbis onuſtas
Diverſis, gravidas diro ſeu fulmine belli,
Quaſcunque extremis emittit veſper ab oris,
Sive diem rutilis ſpargens aurora capillis,
Excipit in placido tutas Nova Scotia portu.
Deſtinat hic Britonum genti, qui ſuſtinet orbem
Immenſis humeris impoſtûm maximus Atlas
Occidui imperium Oceani.
Induit arma iterum, & ſubito rapit omnia Gallus
Incurſu, flammis § CANSO vaſtatur, et æquor
Aecitâ totum diverſo limite mundi
Claſſe tenet, portuſque auſus penetrare † CHEBUCTÆ
Devictum

§ Canſo, a ſettlement in Nova-Scotia, near to Cape-Breton.
† Chebucto, now Halifax.

Devictum littus CANADENSI milite complet.
* ANNAPOLIS ſupereſt tantum, hanc extrema pericla
Non ſemel expertam graſſantibus eripit armis
SHIRLÆUS, præſens ſemper ſuccurrere rebus
Accadiæ lapſis; arces quin vindice dextrâ
Gallorum expugnat, damnis mala damna rependens,
Atque ſuis Britonum læta eſt pax empta triumphis.
Martis opus dubii bellum eſt; magis ardua reſtant,
Majus opus moveo: Gallorum tempore pacis
Quis potis eſt cæcis ſurgentia fraudibus arma
Comprimere? Aut populos ſeductos fraude nefandâ
Ad Georgî revocare fidem? rudibuſque colonis
Quis laxos animos moderabitur æquus habenis?
Quis mercaturas, artes, commercia vitæ
Promoveat? Leges ſalubres inducat? et omnes
Connubio ſtabili jungat? Civeſque Britannos
Reddat ſylvicolas, peregrinam & fœdere turbam?
Quis par eſſe poteſt? Cujus tam vivida virtus?
" Quis tot ſuſtineat, quis tanta negotia ſolus?
Illuſtriſve Solon multis memoratus in oris?
Seu Lacedemonii ſapientia clara Lycurgi?
O magnum de MONTE ortum eſt cui nomen ACUTO,
Cui comitis titulos HALIFAX dat; numen amicum
Cum genere & proavis illuſtri ſtemmate claris
Accumulavit opes, opibus decus addidit ingens:
O HALIFAX, verum magnorum exemplar avorum,
Deliciæ populi, ſoli tibi fata dederunt
Hæc facere, his etiam multo majora: fatemur
Nos debere tibi, quod fruſtra Gallia mendax
Utitur hic armis: fremit horrida frœnaque mordet
Limitibus compreſſa ſuis! Livore maligno
Multa gemens poſitas metuit tranſcendere metas.
Muneris eſtque tui quod lætâ pace coloni
Accadiæ gaudent, bona quod ſua publica nôrunt,
Et neglecta prius gens nunc habet omnia felix.

ULTRA.

* The capital of Nova-Scotia.

ULTRAJECTINÆ revocando commoda pacis,
Sanguine quæ Britonum tanto ſunt empta, triumphos
Tu tibi, tu patriæ tribuſti multa tropæa,
Clara magis bello quam quæ ſtatuere tyranni;
Et reparas ævi ſolers peccata prioris.
Nec ſumus ingrati, quâ poſſumus arte perenne
Et decus & nomen facimus tibi; nomen in ore eſt
Mane novo, medioque die inter pocula lætis,
Et madidis ſero poſituris membra cubili.
Æternum noſtri monumentum extabit amoris
Urbs HALIFAX, ubicunque ſuos Nova Scotia fines
Porrigit, & lætis prætendit littora nautis;
ARX HALIFAX etiam, cohibet quæ fulmine Gallos,
Flumine quà tumidus KENEBEC rigat arva ſonanti.
Accurruntque ſui ſummo de vertice Pindi
Pierides plauſus geminantes MONTISACUTI.
Ne tibi, clare Comes, ſit ruſtica muſa pudori,
O HALIFAX, humiles nec dedignere myricas:
Aonides ſaltus, habitârunt dî quoque ſylvas.
Eſtque tuos inter proavos, qui tempora lauro
Cinctus Apollineâ, divino & percitus œſtro
Agnovit lætus faciles in carmina muſas.
Hunc etiam merito laudavit Phœbus Apollo,
Aoniuſque chorus cytharâ donavit eburnâ.

Falmouth, Novanglorum
Kal. Nov. 1754.

N°. XXXI.

Ad * * * * * * * *

NEGLIGIS? At merui quâ culpâ? quid mihi tandem
Objicis? Aut tibi frons quid caperata minis?
Num mihi ſeu quondam Peligni ruris alumno
Carmina ſunt vitio? Quo nocuive modo? An

An, quia ſcis inopem, quondam contemnis amicum?
Immerito an nocuit fama ſiniſtra mihi?
Quicquid id eſt, merito ſi mî contingat, amice,
Deprecor haud pœnas, utere ſorte tuâ.
Forſitan impediunt te vincla jugalia, totum
Occupat atque animum jam nova nupta tuum.
Forſitan uxori nupſiſti; jurgia, bella,
Horrida bella, miſer, te tua fata manent.
Sed meliora precor, nec talia credere fas eſt,
Hoſtibus et Gallis imprecor iſta tuis.
Irritare tuas at nolo pluribus aures:
Vive, vale: ſemper ſed memor eſto mei.

N^o. XXXII.

Ad Jonath. Mayhew, S. T. P.

HÆC ego compoſui, quæ nunc tibi carmina mitto,
Ruſticus, ignotus, ingeniique rudis.
Subjicioque tuæ cenſuræ, quicquid in illis
Sive probes, limæ reddere ſive velis.
Quid juvet invitâ rogites ſi forte Minervâ
Dulcia Davidicæ tangere fila lyræ?
Leniter auſterum ſtudium fallitve laborem,
Decipit, aut curas mitigat atque levat.
Scotia me genuit, fuit hæc fidiſſima nutrix,
Artibus ingenuis excoluitque parens.
Ah! mihi ſed fragilis pedetentim labitur ætas,
Namque decem vitæ luſtra abiere meæ.
Nunc ubi Caſco ſuis refluentibus æſtuat undis,
Non procul a pelago jugera pauca colo.
Jugera pauca colo, ſed non mea: Curo pecuſque,
Fumida Boſtoniis lignave cædo focis.

Nº. XXXIII.

Psal. civ.

RERUM potentem te, genitor, canam:
Honor verendus, gloria, ſacraque
Pro veſte majeſtas ſtupendo
Lumine te radiiſque cingit.
Cœli tapetas vela micantia
Expandis, undis tigna palatii
Figis, triumphaleſque currus
Nubila dant, celeriſque venti es
Invectus alis. Angelus aliger
Adeſt miniſter, flammaque nuncia:
Terram locaſti non movendam
Mole ſuâ ſtabilem per ævum.
Quondam procellis merſerat hanc mare;
Undæque montes obruerant; tua
Sed quum juberet vox, JEHOVA,
Ira maris tumidi reſedit.
Horrenda ſtridens intonuit polus,
Statim ſtupentes diffugiunt aquæ,
Montes per & valles opacas
Ad proprias properantque ſedes.
Iſtas furentes limitibus premis,
Ne rurſus agris fluctibus irruant.
Ebulliunt fontes & imis
Vallibus; & per aprica rura
Lymphæ loquaces deſiliunt jugis:
Hic unde ſedent & pecudes ſitim,
Armenta ſeu campos, colentes
Saxa feris onagrive ſylvis.
Hic et ſecantes aera ſtridulis
Pennis volucres nidificant; canunt,
Sylvæque, valles & canoræ
Vocibus accinuere lætis.

Campos

Campos jacentes imbribus irrigas,
Et rore montes ætherio, pater,
Fœcunda tellus hinc abunde
Divitiis ſaturatur amplis.
Fœnum jumentis lætaque pabula,
Herbaſque veſcas parturit incolis,
Frugeſque creſcentes labori
Sufficiunt, renovantque vires.
Hinc vina mentes exhilarantia,
Et quo niteſcat frons oleum viris.
Hîc arbores celſæ vireſcunt,
Quas generat Libanuſque cedros.
Hæ tecta præbent alitibus vagis:
Hîc & benignis apta ciconiis,
Quà nutriant fœtus tenellos,
Ecce abies tenebroſa ſurgit.
Montes dediſti perpetuos jugis
Damis, fugaci ſaxa cuniculo.
Incerta te certos jubente
Luna ſuos peragit meatus;
Sol novit almus fixa cubilia.
Terras tenebris condis inertibus
Prorepit &; ſylvis relictis,
Omne genus latebris ferarum.
Victus repoſcit te, pater optime,
Rauco diurnos ore Leunculus,
Luceſſit, hinc cedit gregatim, &
Turba rapax repetit cavernas.
O QUANTA DEXTRÆ SUNT, GENITOR, TUÆ
MIRACLA! QUANTA ET QUA SAPIENTIA
HÆC TU CREASTI? Terra plaudit
Muneribus ſatiata plenis.

Applaudit

Applaudit ingens cum fremitu mare,
Et quicquid illic reptilium latet;
Heic magna, commiſtis puſillis,
Cœruleo fluitant profundo.
Naves pererrant hîc tremula æquora,
Hic monſtra ludunt gurgite vitreo,
Cete veloces et choreas
Spumificis celebrant ſub undis.
Quæcunque tellus, ſtagna liquentia,
Aërve gignit, ſuſpiciunt, pater
Te ſancte, te poſcunt; miniſtras
Temporibus propriis & eſcam.
Te dante, cibis hæc ſaturantur, at
Condente vultum deficiunt tuum;
Tu ſpiritus aufers, & inde
In ſubitos cineres recurrunt.
Auram remittes, tum ſoboles nova
Statim reſurgit, ſic reparas potens
Gentes caducas, quæ novatæ
Perpetuis vicibus niteſcunt.
Æterna noſtro gloria ſit Deo,
Per ſecla factis gaudeat, aſpicit
Terram, tremiſcit; montiumque
Tacta manu juga ſumma fumant.
Laudes perennes huic domino meo,
Dum ſpiro, pſallam. Dulce canam tibi,
Lætabor in te, rex ſupreme,
Præſidium, Deus & ſalutis.
Perdatur omnis funditus impius,
Et ſtirps ſceleſtûm nulla repullulet.
Rerum parentem ſed celebra,
O mea mens memor. Hallelujah.

Nº. XXXIV.

Ad Rev. JONATHAN MAYHEW, S. T. P.

QUAM noſtra multis vita periculis
Objecta, MAYHEW, ſit, brevis horula
Demonſtrat; infortuniorum
Agmina nos numeroſa cingunt.
Fruſtra latentes rupibus inviis
Angues minantur vulnera, Bellaque
Indi doloſi; Galliciſve
Claſſica perſonuere ſignis.
Fortuna gaudens inſidiis ferox
Plerumque ſero fata minantia
Oſtendit, & nullum ſevera
Effugium miſeris relinquit.
Non morbus atrox, non mare naufragum,
Non arma multâ cæde calentia
Horrenda plus, quam cæca fati
Sunt homini metuenda cauto.
Nam ſtante nuper me ſuper arboris
Trunco reciſæ, ſylva volubilis
Effregit, heu! Coſtam ſiniſtram,
Præcipitem dedit & miſellum.
Angit dolor me nunc gravis; haud tamen
Culpare cœlum tertigenam decet;
Seu ſorte me vexet malignâ,
Sive probet meliora numen.
Prodeſt quid autem pectora plangere?
Vanis querelis Æthera rumpere?
Adverſa fortunæ feramus
Quin animo potius virili.
Quo, muſa, tendis? Quid temerario
Tu ſacra tangis, quæſumus, impetu?
Deſiſte; ne pergas, inepta,
" *Magna modis tenuare parvis.*

Nº. XXXV.

Ad illuſtriſſ. Gul. Shirley, Armigerum, &c.

SPIRITUS algens Boreæ furentis
Pertuli ſævos mediis in undis,
Interim Arctoo riguêre vincta
Frigore membra.
Ira commoti pelagi rudentes
Fregit, & denſæ cumulis arenæ
Cinxit; inſurgens Aquilo phaſelum
Grandine pulſat.
Quin et ægroto ſtomachum movebat
Nauſea, albentis maris & tumultus:
Uxor at quarto tulit alma ſole
Oſcula tuto.

Nº. XXXVI.

Ad Sam. Quincæum, A. M. *In obitum Magnæ ſpei Juvenis,* Nathanaelis Smiberti, &c.

O! Quem futurum pectore finxeram,
Nuper peremptum funere lugubri
Natum, cecidit quem doloſa,
Dextera nil miſerantis Indi!
Eheu! dolores quot mihi concitat?
Longinqua quos non imminuat dies.
Sed quid querelas fundo vanas?
Sic voluit Pater ille Summus. Ferale

? The Author had an only Son a little before this killed by the Indians.

Ferale ſed quid mens iterum mihi
Præſagit? Aut quis Jam gemitus meas
Invadit aures? cui paravit
Exſequias Libitina triſtes?
Magni Parentis progenies bona
Effertur, olim te tibi Charior,
Quincæe, Smibertus beata
Elyſios petit umbra Campos.
Spectandus, (eheu!) nunquam alias mihi,
Plorandus autem flebilibus modis.
Ignoſce, quæſo, fas amici
Imbre pio cineres rigare.
En cerno quanto vividus impetu,
Prærupta Pindi culmina ſcanderet!
Et arte quâ plectrum moveret,
Cum caneret fidibus canoris.
En picta vivis tela coloribus,
Fatetur ipſam pendula Imaginem,
Quumcunque tentaret peritus
Lina ſuis animare fucis!
Hunc nuda virtus, hunc fidei pius
Ornavit ardor, ſanctaque veritas,
Pudorque. Spes noſtras caducas,
O dubias, facileſque tolli!
Non hunc Juventas, non animi vigor,
Non ars Medentûm, vota nec omnium
Sincera, non artes Minervæ
Expediunt Acherontis undis.
At tanta vis mî ſi foret enthea,
Aut ſi modorum, ſi Citharæ ſciens
Eſſemve, virtutes in altum
Non humili eveherem Camœnâ
Sed quid? Lupinos, purpureas roſas,
Calthaſve quamvis bruma necaverit,
At vere vitales ſequente
Depoſitos revocant honores.

Sic, ſic caducos nos licet occupet
Vis dura fati, mox renovabimur,
Et buſta ſpernemus beati,
Nunquam iterum poſituri honores.
Hæc quum profarer, vellere viſus eſt
SMIBERTUS aurem, talibus admonens:
Inſane, cœleſtes voluptas
Nulla capit peritura mentes:
Ut nec dolores, qui miſeros viros
Vexant acerbi. Deſine mollium
Ergo querelarum; precabar
Magna prius, meliora dantur.
Vitæ perennis Gaudia me manent
Æterna, ſpes & fallere neſcia:
Fatoque majori hæc per omne
Sacra TRIAS reparabit ævum.
Quin ſacra Patri, ſacraque Filio,
Sanctoque pangas Carmina Flamini,
Qui me redemptum ſempiternæ
Faucibus eripuere mortis.

Hartford, Connecticutenſium, 1757.

Nº. XXXVII.

Apollinis Querela,

Sive Epigramma.

Authore Rev. JA. STERLINO, &c.

IN *Buchannanum* quendam redivivum; aliâs *Harpacem*; aliâs *Johannem Beveridgium*; doctarum in Academiâ *Philadelphienſi* profeſſorem linguarum; et nuper a Deo

ipſo

ipſo furti bellè convictum, eò quòd ſeſe jactitavit autorem latinorum quorundum poëmatum, in numeris tam heroicis, quam *Sapphicis*, compoſitorum; ævo ſane *Horatiano* haud indignorum; et typhographicè in *Armentariis Literariis Americanis* editorum.

CLAMAVIT *Phœbus*, ſibi quæ nunc arrogat *Harpax*
(Tam pulchrè mendax) carmina fortè videns.
" Per ſolis radios juro, per fulgura cœli,
" Lumina per *Daphnes*, ſplendidiora meis:
"---Hos ego verſiculos feci: Tulit alter honores:---
" Nugarum, hos luſi, neſcio quid meditans.
(" Sed fas nugari, ni fallor numine noſtro,
" Nulli præterea ſic eleganter erit.)
" *Pieriæ* his teſtes ſint, quos cecinêre, *Sorores*;
" Queis mulcent ſilvas, ruricolaſque Deos.
" His, quibus arrides, ſis vindex, caſta *Minerva*;
" Te nam conſului, nata *Jovis* cerebro.
" Tu quoque, * *Smithe*, meos agnoſcas, candide judex;
" *Edere* enim, invito te, nihil auſus eram.
" Parnaſſum ſolus, *mi Vates*, aſſerit *Iſte*;
" Nos dejecturus, culmen utrumque petit.
" Æthereos iterùm rapit, ecce, *Prometheus* ignes,
" Uſquè audax; ſperans furta latere Deum.
" Nil loca poſtremis ſentit diſtare ſecunda;
" *Cæſareâ* plus nunc ambitione tumens.
" Nomen, quod non eſt ſupremum, vergit ad imum;
" Et ſedes, Divo proxima, lordet ei.
" Ah, *Tu*, præmonite, et *Phaëtontis* territe fato,
" *Harpax*, ore rubens, diſce quod eſt hominis!
" Nè, vafer, affecta tantos impunè triumphos;
" Iratovè Deo (mactus honore) frui.
" Vah! Sed *Phœbeâ* nunc arbore necte coronam;
" Furtivas plumas ridiculuſquè gere.
"---Sat notat autorem divinus ſpiritus ipſe.---
" Scribere quis tales, quis, niſi *Apollo*, poteſt?

No. XXXVIII.

* ejuſdem Academiæ Præfectus.

No. XXXVIII.

Respondet Johannes Beveridge.

CARMINA num redolent vigilem, *Sterline*, lucernam?
Unguiculos vivos rodere mene putas?
Phœbus amicus erat, castæque fuere *Sorores*
Solamen vitæ, subsidiumque meæ.
At quamvis fueram doctis pia cura Camœnis,
Palladis aut *Phœbi* nulla querela fuit.
Nam neque Cæsareâ plus ambitione tumebam,
Et placuit sedes quælibet usque mihi.
Prima quidem placuit, vel divo proxima sedes,
Sed sperare nefas, & furor esset item.
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia vati,
Succumboque Deo, nec pudor illud erit.
Atque equidem neque te sperem superare canendo,
Quanquam O! sed minimis laus sua certa manet.
Fallere; Parnassi non tento culmina sacri,
Hinc dejecturus *Pythia castra* dei.
Nec levis affecto tantos, *Sterline*, triumphos:
Exemplo est *Phaëthon* ne nimis alta petam.
Parvum parva decent, voluit fecisse poëtam
Phœbus, at Invidiâ sum tamen ipse minor.
Versibus hinc faveo, sacris faveoque poëtis
Et cuicunque viro doctus Apollo favet.
Egressum patriâ, (credas) heu sidera iniquâ!
Per mare per terras septima jactat hyems.
Stat spoliata domus, patris spes mascula proles
Et circumciso vertice cæsa jacet.
Diversa exilia & diversas quærere terras
Cogor ego, incerto dum vagus erro pede.
Sed neque destituit per aperta pericla vagantem,
Duxit at in tutum provida cura Dei.

At

At tu vel faciles armâsti in prælla muſas,
Atque in me totum nunc Helicona cies.
Fruſtra: *Phœbus* enim quondam dedit hos mihi verſus,
Quos cecini ſylvis, ruricoliſque Diis.
Te, *Smithe*, atteſtor, Phœbo neque gratior ullus,
Quemve magis muſæ, *Pallas* & ipſa fovet.
Major es, & fateor; nunquam, *Sterline*, negabo:
Attamen &, Phœbo judice, tutus ero.
Quilibet alta petat, medio ſed tutior ibo,
Nec *Phrygii vatis* triſtia fata feram.
Verſibus hæcce tuis ſic reſpondere putavit
Harpax ille tuus. Denique vive, vale.

N°. XXXIX.

Ad Paulum Jackson, A. M.

PAULE, dum curis vacuus moleſtis,
Tutus & ſpernis Boream furentem,
Muta cur pendet lyra? quid Thaliam
Deſpicis almam?
Ni tuas doctus foveas Camœnas,
Credin' aut cippum, tumulove ſculptum
HIC JACET ſeris potuiſſe ſæclis
Prodere famam?
Integros cauſon populetur artus,
Exedat languor, rabieſve belli
Tollat incautum, Libitina nulli
Parcet avara.
Corruat moles Pariæ columnæ,
Saxa findantur ſenio, vel imis
Atra tempeſtas penitus cavernis
Obruat olim.

Si velis nomen decorare faſtos,
Vivere et nullo periturus ævo,
Sedulus doctos imitare vates
Otia ſpernens.
Quid foret dives Priamus, potenſque
Hector, aut proles Thetidis marinæ,
Muſa manſuræ niſi tradidiſſet
Nomina famæ?
Quidve Pellæus juvenis, remoto
Gange devicto, Phariis & oris,
Ni chorus Phœbi decoraſſet altis
Geſta Tropæis?
Phidiæ vivax ebur, et Myronis
Æra jamdudum periere cuncta:
Attamen vivunt celebranda muſis
Fama decuſque.
Forma vaneſcit; populi, tyranni,
Marmor & ſculptum pereunt, amice;
Ingenî vivunt monumenta, vivent
Haud peritura.

N°. XL.

Ad Johan. Lovel.

QUAS muſa paras nunc elegëias?
Rogata, quæſo, deſine; nec tuas
Ineptias amens, meaſque
Pande, vîrum volitans per ora.
* BRADDOCCE, quis te carminibus queat
Laudare dignis? impavidum licet,
Fortuna te fallax peremit
Hoſte vago, timido, & latente.

Virtute

Virtute clarum, progeniem virûm
Illuſtriumque, & non timidum mori,
*HALKETE noſtras, quis necatum
Te merito celebrabit auctor?
‡ SHIRLÆE, quo te vis animi tulit
Denſos in hoſtes? vincere ſeu mori
Te deſtinatum ſorte iniquâ,
Digne puer meliore fato!
Sed, Galle, credas vindice dexterâ
SHIRLÆUS ultor mox aderit pater;
Cæcæque nec fraudes juvabunt,
Profuerit neque vis aperta.
OHIO noſtro ſanguine bis rubens,
Fatale nomen! plus vice ſimplice
Lugebis occiſum, dolebit
Gallia, Sylvicolæ truceſque.
Teſtis § CHENECTO, & cui † LODOIX ſuum
Nomen ſuperbus præbuit oppidum;
Pœnaſque majores, avare
Galle dabis, truculente & Inde.

N°. XLI.

Ad Digniſſ. JACOBUM HAMILTON, &c.

Juventutis academicæ Laureâ donatæ & donandæ Carmen ſalutatorium.

NOS tibi devoti Juvenes, venerande Dynaſta,
Totaque Pieriæ nutrix Academia turbæ,
Jam reduci ſtudiis plauſuque aſſurgimus omnes;
Quæcunque optaris cedant & fauſta precamur.
Multa quidem læti tibi nos debere fatemur
Hactenus, atque agimus memori tibi pectore grates;
Pluraque ſed veſtri monumenta & pignora amoris
Fas & jura ſinunt; quum Rex moderamina rerum

Commiſit, faſceſque ſacros, curamque ſalutis
Communis, ſtatuitque Patres qui tædere juſto
Aut premere, aut laxas ſcires dare juſus habenas.
Et merito: quoniam virtutum lucidus ordo
Circumſtat, decorant ſtabili conſtantia vultu,
Intemerata fides, quondam fugitivaque virgo,
Nunc Aſtræa redux pretioque potentior omni.
Ad te confugiunt caſtæ tua cura Camœnæ,
Quas furor inſanus, quas implacabilis error,
Invidia, aut aſtus ficto ſua criminia vultu
Diſſimulans, metuenſque diem, molimine magno
Obruere ardebant: ſed tu tutare jacentes,
Erige languentes, & rebus conſule lapſis.
Exitio fœtum, quoties inimica Camœnis
Ora ferox tollat, Lernæum comprime monſtrum.
Sic te numen amet, ſic & Parnaſſia pubes
Nomen HAMILTONI longum diffundat in ævum;
Poſt monumenta dabit multo potiora metallis,
Quæ neque civilis rabies, neque ſera ſenectus,
Flamma vorax, imbres, neque fracto fulgura cœlo,
Nec furor armorum poterunt abolere nefandus.
Nunc fore ſperamus, (quid non ſperare licebit
Sub tali auſpicio?) Pallas, quas condidit, arces
Ut colat ipſa ſuas, ſtudiiſque dicata juventus
Floreat æternum; reſonet clamoribus æther
Plauſibus & lætis, tibi quos Helicona colentes
Ingeminant.----audin?----nonne hinc Sculkillius amnis,
Hinc DELAVARUS item, ſedeſque paterna ſalutant.
Quo feror? aut ubi ſum?----redeo. Te, Satrapa, grati
Te Curatorem, Patremque fatemur amicum,
Ergo tuæ vigili curæ nos noſtraque cuncta
Credimus experti: neque res erit illa pudori.
Vive, vale; muſis ſed vivito ſemper amicus;
Vive decus patriæ, noſtrum decus.----Ite, Camœnæ,
Protinus hæc nunquam perituris addite chartis.

No. XLII.

Nº. XLII.

Ad G. Shirley Armigerum Insularum Bahamicarum Praefectum.

SHIRLÆE, salve; te favor aulicus,
Virtusque, rerum & longa peritia
Evexit ad summos honores,
Principibus populoque charum.
Fortuna vero me mea BELIDUM
Damnavit urnis, atque laboribus
Vanis, inepti queis poëtæ
Sisyphon Æoliden fatigant.
Nam Parca vitam ducere languidam
Laborioſis me voluit scholis,
Quà flumen ingens DELAVARUS
Arva rigat fluvio perenni.
Qua PENNUS olim condidit oppidum
Notum popello, relligioneque
Inusitatâ, quos GENEVA,
ROMA, negat pariterque MECCA.
Hæc mitto; segnis decutit hic hyems
Sylvis honores, bruma nivalibus
Horret procellis, stant catenis
Flumina marmoreis revincta.
Correpta passim corpora frigore,
Sanguisque venis purpureus gelat;
Nec suppetit membris fovendis
Sylva prece & pretio paranda.
Sortem benignam sed tibi gratulor,
Summos honores cui merito dedit
Rex jure, quà gratos calores
Ætherio movet axe Phœbus.

Esto

Eſto beatus: conſiliis tuis
Debetur armis capta Niagara,
Arceſque quas Gallus Britannis
Condiderat malefidus agris.
Quin & QUEBECCÆ mœnia diruta;
Imo minores volvere vortices,
Nuper ſuperbum, turgidumque
Vidimus & Canadenſe flumen.
Vale, ſed audi; pergito fortibus
Armis catervas ſternere Gallicas;
Claſſeſque gaudentes rapinis
Funde, fuga, populare flammis.

N°. XLIII.

Ad præcellentiſſ. THO. PENN, PENNSYLVANIÆ Proprietarium, ſeu *(Latine)* Dominum, &c.

QUAMVIS diſtineant majora negotia mentem,
At ſi quando vaces levioribus, inclyte PENNE,
Pone ſupercilium, & noſtris bonus annue votis.
Egreſſum patriâ decimus me detinet annus,
Sæpius expertum duri diſcrimina belli:
Nam ſpoliata domus, nam deplorata colono
Vota jacent miſero; laniatis undique membris,
Et circumciſo jacet, ah! mea vertice proles.
Ipſe domo profugus mea dulcia limina cogor
Linquere, nudus, inops, propriis extorris & agris.
'Poſt varios caſus, poſt tot diſcrimina rerum,'
Nunc *Delavarus* ubi refluentibus æſtuat undis,
Urbem quà ſtatuit genitor tuus urgeo ſaxum,

Quod

Quod ſine fine ruens noctesque dieſque fatigat
Siſyphon; aut, Danai proles quæ dolia quondam,
Impleo, continuo jam fractus membra labore.
Interea volucris celeri pede labitur ætas,
Nullaque ſunt ſeris congeſta viatica canis.
Nec mihi jam ſupereſt ex omnibus unde quietæ,
Pauperis aut tuguri, quæram ſolatia vitæ.
Jugera quum tibi ſint quot habet DELAVARUS arenas,
Quid magnum minimo tribuas ſi propria parvæ
Fundamenta caſæ, BOREÆ quâ frigora pellam.
Non dabis ingrato dederis licet æris egeno,
Quodque tibi minimum, magnum eſſet pauca roganti.
Sin renuas, tanti nec ſint commercia noſtra,
Hoc quoque ne pigeat cito ſpem præcidere vanam.
Nec periiſſe puta, dederis quod vivus amico;
Credere fas ſit enim, ſi quid mea carmina poſſint,
Sera licet, majora feras quam MEXICO nobis,
Seu Tagus auriferis exundans mittit arenis;
Auguror & ſi quid vives poſt fata ſuperſtes.
Quid juvat ignotis, ingratis forſitan, auri
Pondera, frugiferis vel millia jugera campis
Linquere poſt natis? nequeunt nam prodere famam
Divitiæ, nequeunt titulis monumenta ſuperbis.
Quid foret ÆNEAS, & magni nominis Ajax,
Atque alii quorum ſunt nomina multa virorum;
Ni foret & vates divini carminis auctor
Mœonides, ſacro qui primus vertice Pindi
Deduxit faciles, PHŒBO plaudente, Camœnas?
Vel quid Mæcenas animi mentiſque benignæ,
Ni benefacta ſui celebraſſet carmen Horati,
Et Maro munificum ceciniſſet gratus amicum?
Praxiteles vivos ducat de marmore vultus,
Æra Myron, tamen hæc poterunt abolere vetuſtas,
Hoſtilis rabies, vel inevitabile fulmen,
Condere vel ſubitis tellus concuſſa cavernis.

Quum

Quum tamen interea vatum monumenta ſacrorum
Nec furor armorum, metuendi fulminis ira;
Ignis edax, tumidi nec ſæva licentia ponti,
Invidia aut etiam ſtimulis agitata malignis,
Perdere nec poterit longævi temporis ætas.

N°. XLIV.

Ad Dan. Hunter, V. D. M.

PROXIMIS feriis Londinum profectus, in reditu fere perieram. Nave enim vehementi Euroclydone noctu & mane jactata, tandem, procedente die, tempeſtatis vi in Humbri fluminis oſtium compulſâ, in ſtatione illic jacta eſt anchora. Poſtero die, cum adhuc ſæviret ventus, in ſcapham, cum ſex aliis vectoribus & quatuor remigibus, a parco & pervicaci nauclero detruſus, cum neque terram, quæ bis mille paſſus fere aberat, reluctante vento, attingere; neque ad navem, refluentibus æſtu & amne, redire poſſemus; in apertum mare acti fuimus: atque ſeſquihorâ fluctibus jactati, et ſingulis momentis fatum expectantes, in conſpectu viginti ſex navium (in ſtatione ad anchoram ſtantium) Ingruentibus, imo & jam irrumpentibus aquarum cumulis, periiſſemus; niſi celox, cum nulla alia auderet, in ſubſidium veniſſet, et ſingulari Dei bonitate, cui omnis ſit gloria, ab imminentibus mortis faucibus eripuiſſet. Hæc te ſcire volui, ut meo nomine Deum ter opt: max: laudes, eique ob tantam erga me bonitatem, gratias agas.

Cæterum de J. L. præceptore quondam meo neutiquam pœnitendo; & A. B. qui jam triennio literarum ad me nihil dedit, audire geſtio. Quod ſupereſt; ego, uxor, & filius valemus; filiola vero difficili aliquamdiu morbo irretita jam quidem revaleſcit, vale.

Cal. Nov. 1739.

Numb. XLV.

To ********

DEAR Sir, methinks I ſee you ſmile,
To find the muſe does you beguile,
Stealing upon you by a wile,
And in a dreſs unuſual;
Know then ſhe's fond in her new cloth
To viſit you and madam both:
Then treat her kindly, ſhe is loath
To meet with a refuſal.

In the enjoyment of your wife,
She wiſhes long and happy life,
Secure from trouble, care and ſtrife,
And then a generation
Of boys and girls a hopeful race,
Their aged parents crown and grace,
Skilful in war, and when 'tis peace
The glory of their nation.

May never want your ſteps purſue,
Nor watchful care contract your brow,
The Horn of plenty be your due,
With health and ſkill to uſe it.
No narrow views debaſe your ſoul,
May you ne'er want a chearful bowl,
To treat a friend, and cares controul;
But yet do not abuſe it.

Improve the days that are ſerene,
Make hay while yet the ſun doth ſhine,
'Twill not avail you to repine,
Take care leſt here you blunder.
You can't recal the by paſt hours,
The preſent time is only yours,
The warmeſt day brings quickeſt ſhow'rs,
And often too with thunder.

And ſtorms will happen, when 'tis ſo,
Low'r down thy ſails and let 'em blow,
Or guard your ſelf at leaſt from woe,
By yielding to the billows.
Tempeſts will rend the ſtubborn oak,
The talleſt pines are ſooneſt broke,
And *yield* beneath the furious ſtroke
Which never hurts the willows.
Tho' ſometimes they may make you ſmart,
Take curtain lectures in good part,
I think philoſopher thou art,
And know'ſt how to improve them.
The doctor's pills altho' they 're bitter,
And may at preſent raiſe a ſpl---r,
Yet as they tend the health to better,
We take, but do not love them.

Now to your fair I this would ſay,
As----------heart you ſtole away;-----
"Stole! no, dear Sir, he gave it."
------Well! giv'n or ſtol'n I'll not contend,
And here will let that matter end;
But next contrive to ſave it.
I mean to ſave it for yourſelf,
Or elſe the cunning wayward elf
Perchance may ſometimes wander:
Unjuſtly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds too ſhort a reign,
Yet do not at this wonder.
If you your empire would maintain,
Uſe the ſame arts that did it gain,
Succeſs will never fail you.
At ev'ry triffle ſcorn offence,
Which ſhews great pride or little ſenſe,
And never will avail you.

Shun av'rice, vanity and pride;
High titles, empty toys deride,
Tho' glitt'ring in the faſhions.
You're wealthy if you are content,
For pow'r, its ampleſt beſt extent
Is empire o'er the paſſions.
'Tis not on madam's heav'nly face,
His ever conſtant love he'll place;
Only conſult your glaſſes:
For beauty, like the new-blown flow'r
Lives but the glory of an hour,
And then forever paſſes.
The graces of your mind diſplay,
When tranſient beauties fly away
Than empty phantoms fleeter.
Then as the hours of life decline,
You like the ſetting ſun ſhall ſhine,
With milder rays and ſweeter.

NUMB. XLVI.

TO Mr. * THO. BLACKLOCK.

AND muſt I then abjure the poet's name,
Becauſe, forſooth, you ſay my youthful flame
Is now decay'd? not ſo; the latent fire,
When blown, my Muſe can with new life inſpire.
Let but the pleaſant ſcene once more appear
To charm the fancy, or delight the ear,
My ſoul, with ſoft poetic raptures fir'd,
Will ſoar aloft, as by the nine inſpir'd.

* The celebrated blind Poet, who was taught his Latin by the author.

If rural landſkip, mountain, valley, ſpring
Be the fond theme; in numbers juſt I'll ſing
The rocky mountain dreadful to the eye,
Edg'd round with moſs, that underprops the ſky;
With gloomy woods o'erſpread, where lions roar,
And wolves encounter with the briſtly boar.
If fruitful vales, and large champaigns demand
My ſong, the numbers ſtill are at command.
If purling ſtreams thro' verdant meadows flow
In ſweet mæanders, ſweeter ſtill ſhall glow
My tuneful verſe. Should love my lays excite,
The ſofter paſſions ſhall the Muſe invite,
In ſoothing numbers, or in plaintive ſtrain
The kind to pleaſe, or the reluctant gain.
If hatred move, with tenfold fury arm'd,
I'll ſtare, I'll ſtamp, I'll foam; the wretch alarm'd
Amaz'd ſhall ſtand, ſhall ſee, ſhall feel the ſmart
Of dreadful vengeance on his curſed heart.
If Mars me call, then ſhall the cannons roar
In dreadful peals; like as the boiſt'rous ſhoar,
When in a ſtorm tempeſtuous waves rebound
From rock to rock, and thunder ſhakes the ground.
Th' embattled field I'll ſtrow with corſes ſlain,
And horrid wield the ſword amidſt the bloody plain.
If ſofter peace invites my gentler lays,
The ſweets of peace in ſweeter ſtrains I'll praiſe;
And ſing religion candid, chaſte and pure,
From party free, and uncontroul'd by pow'r.
Juſtice unſtain'd I'll ſing; nor ſing in vain
Glad Liberty with all her glorious train.
If you approve, dear friend, my warbling muſe,
I'll treat her kindly; otherwiſe will chuſe
To ſeize the jade, diſgrace her on that ſcore,
And clip her wings, for ſhe ſhall fly no more.

TRANSLATIONS,

TRANSLATIONS.

THE following are Tranſlations of the original Latin Numbers: And the Editor begs a little indulgence for them, as they are all (except Dr. Mayhew's *and Mr.* Morton's*) done by Students under age: and if the Critic will only bear with them, till their underſtandings are mature, I apprehend they are in a fair way of doing better. Let it however be obſerved, that theſe are the very firſt eſſays of ſeveral among them. Such as underſtand the Original, will eaſily judge how far they have ſucceeded.*

Where Notes were thought needful they are added to the Tranſlations; and where there are no Tranſlations, they are ſubjoined to the Originals.

NUMB. II.

By N. EVANS, A. M.

PEARS, apples, cheeſe, dear WILL, and wine,
If thou wilt grace my houſe, are thine;
(For theſe are in my pow'r.)
When the laſt ray of yon bright ſun,
Shall round its whirling axle run,
And haſten the ſixth hour.

Thy

Thy wife delights in her neat home
And babes, but let her boldly come,
Provided ſhe's at leiſure.
Thy beauteous boy ſhall alſo find,
Altho' unaſk'd, a welcome kind,
And be receiv'd with pleaſure.

And with thee haſte the virgin Muſe,
And jeſt that laughter ſhall diffuſe,
And mirth that cheers the ſoul:
Baniſh afar corroding care,
Severity with gloomy air
That might our joys controul.

More wiſely thou procraſtinate
Theſe evils to a wrinkled ſtate,
When life's no more inviting:
E'er age comes on, while yet thy blood
Flows in a ſprightly vig'rous flood,
Be chearful and delighting.

Live! live, my WILL, for now's the day;
Time like a current glides away,
Or th' evaneſcent wind;
Unſtaid by ſtout Herculean force,
Nought can protract its rapid courſe,
And fleeting moments bind.

Shadows we are, or empty duſt,
And vapour-like diſſolve we muſt,
Nor are we more ſecure;
Nought can eſcape the dreary pit
But virtue and immortal wit,
Which endleſs ſhall endure.

Numb. III.

By T----- H------ Student of Philoſophy.

DEATH's *Ferryman*, without delay,
Had now prepar'd to ſteer away
His boat, and leave the ſhore;
And with terrific roar
Was claiming, miſer-like, his pay,
For paſſage o'er the the gloomy wave.
Diſeaſe, o'er thy devoted head,
Had now her ſable banners ſpread
In triumph, had already made
Thee priſoner of the grave.
But lo! deſcending from the ſkies,
The Dove-ey'd Cherub Mercy flies,
And routs her ghaſtly train:
She bids Health's roſes bloom for thee,
And joyous gives thee back again
To weeping friends, thy country and to me.
To the power that rules the ſky,
Then raiſe the votive tablet high.
To him the grateful off'ring pay,
To him reſound the warbling lay;
With circling ſuns reſume the pious ſong,
And bid returning years the rapt'rous ſtrains prolong.

Numb. V.

By the Rev. Dr. J. Mayhew.

DEAR Thomas of congenial ſoul,
My firſt acquaintance in the ſchool,
With whom I oft have worn away,
In mirthful jeſts the loit'ring day, Treading

Treading the dialectick road
Of, major, minor, figure, mood.

With you upon the Muſes green,
Where gowned rival youths are ſeen,
Have I perform'd each exerciſe,
Both ardent to obtain the prize.
With you I often have conn'd o'er
What dubious ſages wrote before;
Its worth ſtill hand in hand we try'd,
*RYMER the umpire and the guide:
With you decampt from claſſic ground,
With laurel wreaths by ſcience crown'd.

Hence open'd that lov'd door to you,
Where firſt the vital air you drew;
Me fortune's tempeſt round the world,
The ſport of various ſtorms has hurl'd.

I now congratulate your life,
Made happier in a lovely wife,
A wife in whom your ſoul may reſt,
With charms adorn'd, with dowry bleſt.
And quickly ſhall a num'rous race,
The nation's pride, its parents grace.

Methinks I can already hear
Your TOMMY whimpering in my ear,
While now the careful nurſe diſtreſt
Draws out the cry-appeaſing breaſt:
And while the ſturdy vig'rous boy
Lays hold and tugs with tears of joy.

And now good humour'd grown and gay,
I hear his pretty ſoothing play;
Whether Mamma with flowing heart,
The wonted baubles fond impart,
Or kiſſes on his lips impreſs,
Or with a dearer whiſtle bleſs.

The

* Mr. Henry Rymer, profeſſor of Philoſophy at St. Andrews.

The rattle ſcorn'd, the baby toys
And dazzling trinkets made for boys;
Glory, believe me! then will fire
The youth, and all his ſoul inſpire;
And gen'rous virtue bold and great,
Exalt him high in honour's ſeat.

A power divine informs the breaſt,
And governs all the Muſe:——poſſeſt,
Whence they the future know and tell,
And I a poet, truth reveal.
The parents virtue, radiant ſphere,
Will teach the youth his courſe to ſteer,
The polar ſtar that thro' the dark
Guides to her port the tott'ring bark;
His parents ſhining virtues give
The omen, and they can't deceive.

Where, Muſe! intrepid wilt thou ſoar,
On wing advent'rous to explore,
And bring the great decrees to light,
Wrapt all in deep tremendous night?
Come then my old companion dear,
Some honeſt queſtions you muſt hear.

Pleaſe aught the bonds of nuptial life?
Do the endearments of a wife,
The ſoothing ſoftneſs, melting eyes,
The intercourſe of honey'd joys
Delight thee more? or tell me now,
If more affright the clouded brow?
The curtain lecture, plaints and gall,
That from the ſweeteſt lips may fall?

Things adverſe ſtill with bliſs are join'd,
Such is the lot of human kind!
Sorrows with joyous ſmiles keep pace,
And all, all run an even race.

Then wary ſpread the proſp'rous ſail,
And cautious uſe the flutt'ring gale;
Hope ſtill when ſtorms and whirlwinds riſe,
And blacken round the adverſe ſkies.
For tho' the preſent moment low'rs,
The next may lead the ſmiling hours.

It now remains I thee entreat,
That in my name, your friends you'd greet;
Salute them all, be ſure the fair
With whom the genial bed you ſhare,
Your brothers, and who gave you birth,
Long live they all in peace and mirth:
How much I prize and love them, tell,
Remember JACK, and ſo farewel.

Farewel; but hark a moment ſtill;
Of kiſſes give your ſpouſe her fill:
Of them be laviſh to the fair,
But of *et cætera* beware,
Yet if this counſel ſeem abſurd,
Excuſe an ill-adviſed word.
Be candid as you uſe, and kind,
And let me aſk and pardon find.

NUMB. VI.

By THO. COOMBE, Student of Philoſophy.

SAY, friend, why all this ceaſeleſs noiſe,
Why ſplit your lungs with ſtupid boys?
Rather, with me, far hence explore
Some favour'd clime, ſome happy ſhore;
Mild PENNSYLVANIA's fruitful plains,
Where plenty link'd with pleaſure reigns;

Or

Or where NEW-SCOTLAND's grateful ſoil
Repays the ploughman's annual toil;
Or FLORIDA's majeſtic ſeats,
Its blooming plains and green retreats.
Here plenty crowns the varied year,
In ſummer's heat or cold ſevere.
The little riflers of the ſpring,
Their luſcious tribute kindly bring;
And grateful cows before the door
Returning, yield their milky ſtore.
Soft zephyrs ſport along the vale,
And ſighing waft the ſhepherd's tale;
Their fragrant ſweets the buds expand,
And court, or ſeem to court the hand.
Behold! far nobler ſcenes invite,
The proſpect ſwells upon the ſight! ------
The flow'ry vale ---- the ſhady wood,
The green-clad hill ---- the ſilver flood,
In regular confuſion riſe,
And wake the glow of warm ſurprize!
Such ſcenes as theſe, the happy ſwain,
Enjoy'd in Saturn's golden reign.

Now ſtretch'd upon a hillock green,
Where lilies deck the ſmiling ſcene,
And roſes, fring'd with chryſtal dew,
Unveil their boſoms to the view;
We gently ſwell the rural lay,
And with our carrols bribe the day.

Then, with the net, I love to chace
Thro' wat'ry haunts the finny race;
Or with the hook, prepar'd by ſkill,
I ſtrive to pierce the ſpeckled gill.
It opens----*Lacon* ſnuffs the gale---
The timid hare ſkims o'er the vale;---
Lo! now acroſs the furzy heath,
The rabbit flies the ſound of death;

With

With look askance, the nimble fawn
Arous'd, light bounds o'er hill and lawn.—

The Samian sage, whose stiff-lac'd rules,
Taught transmigration in the schools,
Might search our region round and roundy,
And yet no foe to beef be found.

More charming views than woods and fields,
Our pleasing spot spontaneous yields;
Which now the muse forbears to tell,
And snaps the song with—FRIEND, FAREWELL.

NUMB. VII.

By W—— J——

'TWAS in a curs'd ill fated hour,
That horse was foal'd that had the power,
To plunge and rear and play such pranks
As flung you down and broke your shanks.
No loud applause attend his race,
But every shout to his disgrace;
May he ne'er be in house or shelter,
Tho' it were raining helter skelter.
Attended with perpetual show'rs,
May he spin out his loathsome hours,
A sordid cart or filthy dray
May he be dragging every day:
And when he's in a hungry mood,
May rotten hay be all his food:
Or when he wants his thirst to slake,
Let it be in the § Northern Lake,

Where

§ The *North Loch*, as it is called, being a nasty stinking pool on the North side of Edinburgh, where Doctor Stevenson lived. I am told it is now drained.

Where peſtilential draughts are found,
And noiſome vapours ſtill abound.
With ſtubborn mange and raging ſtaggers
May he be plagu'd where e'er he ſwaggers,
With galled back and reeking gores,
And flies the Surgeons of his ſores.
Thus may he ſpend a life of Age
And ne'er be rubb'd down at a ſtage,
Unleſs it be with Goad or ſtick
To mock his ſores and make him kick.
And when he dies the reſty garron
May greedy dogs devour the Carrion.
And if his Ghoſt ſhould ſtill remain,
May it be doom'd to laſting pain,
Immerg'd in burning flames, and there
The laſhes of the furies ſhare.

NUMB. IX.

By STEPHEN WATTS, A. M.

HOW can you in conſcience, good Parſon, deſire
An unfortunate culprit to tune up his lyre?
When you know that his birth was ne'er bleſs'd by Apollo,
Nor the dutiful maids that his counſel will follow;
Thoſe ſmirking young ladies too called the Graces,
Could ne'er be prevail'd on to hear his addreſſes.
" Apollo, you tell me, and all thoſe romances
" Do only exiſt in poetical fancies."
But my genius is frozen, nor could I e'er find
The poetical raptures enliven my mind.
It irks me to write, nor can verſes ſurvive,
That from water alone their exiſtence derive.
" But write," nay I can't---yet, tho' ſorely afraid,
I wiſh the command of my friend was obey'd. How

How ſhall this dilemma be fairly unravel'd?
I confeſs in my life I was ne'er ſo much gravel'd.
Shall I vainly attempt to ſing George's high praiſe?
Shall our leaders great actions adorn my weak lays?
You anſwer me "No"---ſhall I ſatire indite?
"Yes---there indignation will force you to write."
Good Parſon, your pardon, and pray don't be vext,
When I ſay, tho' a prieſt, you've miſtaken your text.
And ſince I can't write, let it thus be agreed,
That you kindly accept of the will for the deed.
Beſides every day I my pupils attend,
To forward their learning and manners amend.
The ſtone which inceſſant I roll o'er and o'er
To ſpeak within bounds would make Siſyphus four.
The Sun when the morning he paints with carnation,
May ſee me purſuing my daily vocation:
And the Stars, when he's gone that ſupply us with light,
May find me engag'd, tho' they come late at night.
My labour is certain, my wages unſure,
And theſe are diſtempers the doctor can't cure.
But now 'tis high time to come to concluſion----
Of bleſſings, I wiſh you and yours, a profuſion.
Here are verſes, but poor ones---that's readily granted,
But verſes they are---tho' not ſuch as were wanted.

NUMB. X,

By ------ MORTON, A. M.

NOW *Pentland's cloath'd in brighteſt robes of Snow,
And ‡ Crammond rough with Ice forgets to flow;
While Scythian froſts have nipp'd your ſpreading †Plane,
Which ſcarcely can the pond'rous load ſuſtain.

I wiſh

* PENTHLAND Hills in ſight of Mr. Garmery's Houſe,
‡ Crammond water is hard by &c.
† An extraordinary large Plane Tree, that grew juſt before his door.

I wiſh I had with winged Progne gone
To regions warmed with another Sun.
Where neither horrid froſts invade the ſight,
Nor pendent iſicles from *eaves* affright:
Where God looks down propitious from the ſkies,
Smiles on the fields, and bids the flowers riſe;
Protracts the ſpring, makes winter's genial breeze
Expand the leaves of ever blooming trees.
O may the foreſts and the verdant woods
Of FLORIDA, or § ASHLY's ſilver floods,
Poſſeſs'd by Britons, be the bliſsful ſeat,
Where my old age may find a ſafe retreat.
No place ſo much can charm my raviſh'd eye,
From which if I'm witheld by deſtiny,
I'll next repair to placid SCHUYLKIL's ſide,
Where num'rous fiſh in limpid waters glide.
E'en now o'er hills and lawns I ſeem to rove,
And wander ſilent thro' each verdant grove;
Where graſſy banks, bedeck'd with flowr's encloſe
The lucid ſtream, ſtill purling as it flows;
Where in the woods the mimick parrot's ſong
Reſemble accents of the human tongue;
And all the feather'd throng in melting ſtrains,
Invite to reſt the weary limbs of Swains.
Where Phœbus ſpreads his gentler beams around.
To chear the hinds, and paint with flow'rs the ground.
Where gentle gales in grateful whiſpers blow,
And curling waves in hoarſer murmurs flow.
Raſh muſe, return! why ſhould I mention more?
Bear well your fortune, nor your fate deplore:
But with a ſweet compoſed mind receive
Whate'er the preſent adverſe hour may give.

NUMB. XI.

§ Aſhly river at Charleſtown the Capital of South Carolina.

Numb. XI.

By A. Alexander, A. B.

A Tow'ring city, long well known to fame,
Fair SCOTLAND's glory, EDINBURGH by name,
Which ſtands unmov'd upon a ſolid rock,
Entic'd young PHYLLIS to renounce her flock,
Her native groves, and her paternal dome,
Where ſhe unrival'd ſhone in youthful bloom:
The mountain Nymphs her greater charms confeſt,
Her parents lov'd her, and her friends careſt.
When gay URBANUS view'd this lovely dame,
His glowing heart imbib'd the am'rous flame;
To eaſe his love-ſick breaſt he ply'd his art,
And ſtrove to gain upon her tender heart:
Deaf to his pray'rs and promiſes ſhe ſtood;
He flies deſpairing to the lonely wood:
His loud complaints, his ſighs and doleful groans
The forreſts pierce, and move e'en rugged ſtones:
Depriv'd of friends, of hope, of all relief,
Echo alone reſounds his plantive grief;
While he in melancholy lays complains,
The ſympathetic rocks repeat his ſtrains.
While he exclaims, Alas! Alas! I die!
Alas! Alas! the echoing hills reply.
Ye rocks, ſays he, ye long frequented vales,
Oft us'd to whiſper back more pleaſant tales,
Exert your influence, grant your friendly aid,
To eaſe thoſe ſorrows which my breaſt invade.
PHYLLIS is gone! Adieu, Adieu, he cries,
My rural ſports, and farewel all my joys!
My tuneful pipe and trilling flute I'll break,
My harmleſs ſheep and tender lambs forſake;

The

The heav'nly muſes ſweeter far than theſe,
Tho' long indulgent now forget to pleaſe:
Tho' ſylvan Nymphs o'er lawns my footſteps lead,
And Pan amuſe me with his ſon'rous reed;
Their wonted arts to calm the ruffled breaſt,
Nor ſooth my pain, nor lull my ſoul to reſt.
O cruel love! O rocks! you don't perceive
My glowing boſom, nor it's heat relieve.
The fires of Ætna, ſpread ſo far by fame,
Diſgorging melted ſtones and curling flame,
Whoſe fervent floods o'erflow Sicilian plains,
Are not more vi'lent than my raging pains.
O ſenſeleſs flocks! and ſhepherds more unkind,
Who lend no pity to my troubled mind.
May horrid froſts invade theſe barb'rous ſtones,
And roaring tempeſts utter dreadful groans:
May Heav'n's wide vault grow dark with wintry gloom,
Eternal cold Earth's richeſt fruits conſume:
Let dire contagion ſtill my flocks deſtroy,
And wolves devouring all my folds annoy:
May ſome foul plague the ſenſeleſs ſhepherds ſeize,
May they be curſt with ſome unheard diſeaſe;
And tortur'd feel juſt Heav'n's avenging ire,
Nor find a friend to mourn when they expire.
But what, alas! avail theſe impious cries?
Why curſe the mountains, or condemn the ſkies?
Tho' gnawing cares my anxious breaſt diſtract,
Thoſe execrations calmly I retract.
What tho' my fury all it's wiſhes gain?
What tho' my anger ſuch revenge obtain?
Will this engage my PHYLLIS to be kind?
Or will deſpair forſake my anxious mind?
No: let ſweet harmony the world unite
T' entice my angel to my longing ſight:
Let blandiſhments employ my ſoothing tongue;
And thorns yield roſes ever freſh and young:
Let flagrant flow'rs adorn th' enamel'd ground,
And notes mellifluous thro' the air reſound:
Let ſportive cattle wanton thro' the grove,
And with their lowings rend the ſkies above:
Let happy ſhepherds watch their flocks, and ſing;
May low'ring winter turn to gladſome ſpring:
May ſummer ſuns their wonted force con fine,
And beam prolific warmth where'er they ſhine.

As thus URBANUS mourn'd in melting ſtrains,
His much lov'd cattle and the pitying ſwains
In tears ſtood round; the ſtubborn God of Love
Felt his proud heart with ſoft'ning pity move:
The hollow caverns and the mountains high
Reſponſive echo'd to his plaintive ſigh.

NUMB. XIX.

By the SAME.

To the SCHOOL-MASTERS of Scotland.

NO more let trifles waſte my precious time,
No more the muſes dictate fruitleſs rhime;
Hence I renounce my giddy youth's fond toys,
And leave to liſtleſs fools ſuch barren joys.

You who inſtill in youth ſcholaſtic lore,
Companions dear to me in times of yore;
I bid adieu to all your meagre train,
Oppreſſ'd by pallid poverty and pain.
Your taſk moſt arduous, glorious your deſign,
To form the manners, and the thoughts refine;
And who can ſay you've mercenary views
When ſuch poor income your hard toil purſues.

Better the froſts of Scythia to engage,
Better to brook the fierce Barbarian's rage,
Better indeed, near Lybia's parched ſhore,
A Galley-Slave to wield the pond'rous oar.
As Danaus' Nymphs in vain fill up their caſk;
As Siſyphus in vain eſſays his taſk;
Such are your labours, ſuch your endleſs toil,
Which every day with new-born force recoil.
When your unhappy fate my thoughts employs,
Condemn'd to poverty, bereav'd of joys,
Expos'd to cenſure, malice, and what not?
In ſympathy I mourn your rig'rous lot,

With me your guide, explore ſome happier ſoil
Whoſe grateful fields may recompenſe your toil;
For you NEW-ENGLAND ſpreads luxuriant lands,
Which long neglected, wait your tilling hands.

For

For you fair FLORIDA extends her plains,
Where Bacchus revels, and where Ceres reigns,
Where buxome plenty ſmiling like the morn,
Diffuſes riches from her laviſh horn.
The foaming ſurges of the raging main,
Incens'd by ſtruggling winds and ſtormy rain;
The rage of elements and turbid ſeas
Are render'd calm by proſpects ſuch as theſe.
The wars of winds are eaſier to allay
Than yours, when ſtubborn boys diſpute your ſway,
Or when their parents treat you with diſdain,
And of injuſtice to their ſons complain:
Their ſharp invectives and reproachful words
Wound you much deeper than the keeneſt ſwords:
Tho' guiltleſs you're condemn'd to loſe your name,
And bear the odium of capricious fame.

Farewell my worthy, but unhappy friends,
No more your meetings B-------e attends:
NEW-ENGLAND's groves, arrang'd by nature's hand,
Allure my footſteps from my native land.
There flow'rs and fruits ſpontaneous ever ſpring,
And perch'd on boughs the birds harmonious ſing;
There the ſagacious falconer may trace
The cautious wild-duck to her latent place.
There wanton kids bound o'er the extended fields,
And ev'ry riv'let ſholes of fiſhes yields:
What Poets fable of old Saturn's time,
Such trees and fruits are there, and ſuch the happy clime.

NUMB. XX.

By the Rev. Dr. J. MAYHEW, To the Rev. Mr. INNES, &c.

I'VE now o'ercome the long fatigue
Of ſeas extended many a league;
The war of winds, their rage and ſleep,
And all the dangers of the deep.

Once more in joyous peace abide
Upon a river's verdant ſide,
Where Caſco's ſhore of winding form,
Invites the ſailor from the ſtorm.

Where ſhoots the ſun a milder ray,
And ſcatters round the genial day:
Where a more kind and gen'rous ſoil
Invites the eager lab'rer's toil;
Where murmuring zephyrs ſtill I hear,
And gentler breezes fan the air.

Here the light deer ſtill take their round,
And o'er the fruitful vallies bound:
Here purer ſtreams alive I find,
With finny ſwarms of every kind;
The woods with feather'd life abound
Of every ſize, of every ſound,
And airy muſic warbles round.

With angry face let Boreas ſtorm,
Let northern blaſts the Heav'ns deform,
Let Eurus rage with all his power,
And headlong drive the ſnowy ſhow'r;

Yet I can here enjoy my reſt,
A life with nature's bounty bleſt;
Alike prepar'd if fortune lend
Precarious bliſs, or evil ſend.

For in theſe groves from morn to night,
Sweat grateful flows, and toils delight:
Black choler here no place can find,
Nor fruitleſs cares diſtract the mind.

Yet, friend, my ancle by a ſprain,
At preſent gives unwelcom pain:
Along incautious as I ſtray'd,
The ſlipp'ry ice my heels betray'd,
And while I dreamt no harm at all,
Gave me a baſe diſhoneſt fall.

Excepting this all friends are well,
Charm'd with the country where we dwell;
And charm'd while here the bounteous field
Spontaneous promiſes untill'd,
With copious horn its ſtores to yield.

I tho't it could not much diſpleaſe,
To tell a friend ſuch things as theſe:
And would have wrote a longer letter,
Only his verſe whoſe drink is water,
Can live but for a moment's time,
As HORACE prov'd long ſince in rhime.

Numb. XXI.

By Thomas Coombe, Junior, Student of Philoſophy, To Mr. Gardner.

YOU bid me ſing,---and fain the grateful muſe,
By friendſhip led, the pleaſing taſk purſues.
But ah! unknown at Pindus' blooming grove,
No laureat-wreath for me bright fancy wove.
I never climb'd Parnaſſus' ſacred mount,
Nor bath'd in ſmooth Pieria's ſilver fount.
Beſides, you know, the ſoft-Sicilian nine,
Ill brook the rigours of this northern clime;
And now no more I breathe my lines along,
As when gay fancy wanton'd thro' my ſong.

SWEET ſolitude, companion of the muſe,
Delights to tread the grove's emboſom'd views.
The moſſy bank, the lone-ſequeſtred ſtream,
That ſweetly murmers in poetic theme.
But doom'd by cruel fate's relentleſs hand,
With the dull ox I turn the furrow'd land.
Now with the maſſy harrow rend the plain,
Or ſow the meadows with luxuriant grain;
Or with the mattock dreſs the yellow ſoil,
Leſt noxious weeds ſhould blaſt the reaper's toil.
Nor ſhall my face with bluſhing ſhame be hung,
Whilſt o'er the field I ſpread the nauſeous dung.
When from it's ſtalk I pluck the bearded grain,
Or bend the ſtubborn heifer to the chain;
When panting in the ſun's meridian beam,
O'er the rough road I drive the rattling team.

E'EN now I meditate ſome pleaſing lay,
Whilſt with my axe thro' thickets drear I ſtray.
But lo! a tow'ring oak, which long has ſtood
The pride and glory of the ſpacious wood;
Whoſe aged arms with loaded acorns bend,
And o'er the wild their mazy ſhades extend.
From bough to bough its tuneful tenants play,
And warble to the grove their amorous lay.
With broad-bare arm I wield the pond'rous ſtroke,
And hollow murmurs read the troubled oak.
The diſtant groves now catch the paſſing ſound,
And woods and caves and groves re-echo all around.

The

Th' affrighted birds fly quiv'ring from the ſhade---
Straight all my frame the trickling drops pervade.----
The yielding tree now feels the conqu'ring blow,
And trembling, totters o'er the vale below.
Stroke following ſtroke, the temper'd axe I ply,
Beat from its ſides, the chips around me fly.
It cracks, it bends, now cracks and bends again,
At laſt, with hideous roar, falls dreadful on the plain.
Thorns, briars, hazels in one pile it heaves,
Whilſt the pleas'd cattle crop the grateful leaves,

BEHOLD the rev'rend offſpring of the ſhade,
Neglected lies upon the weeping glade;
No longer grateful to the beſtial throng,
Nor the ſweet warblers of untutor'd ſong.

In meaſur'd lengths to cut the fallen oak,
The heated blade, with many a weary ſtroke,
Again I ply;----while o'er my lab'ring limbs,
From ev'ry pore the ſcalding moiſture ſwims;
Nor muſt ſoft eaſe my wearied frame befriend,
Tho' more than half my tedious labours end.

We reſt not here;---the taſk muſt be renew'd,
It now remains to ſplit the corded wood;
Which to the river, heap'd on waggons ſtrong,
With meaſur'd pace ſlow oxen trail along.
Here then for ſale th' inactive pile muſt ſtand,
Till ſun-burnt flatmen bear it from the land.
Thence to the woods I plod my lonely way,
And with new labours greet each coming day.

BUT darkneſs now inveſts the mountain's height,
And o'er the dewy hill frowns ſable night.
Fatigu'd I haſten to my diſtant cell,
And to my *friend* and *numbers* bid *farewell*.

NUMB. XXII.

By T----- H--------, Student of Philoſophy.

GARDNER in whom the muſe delights,
O tell from what pure hallow'd ſpring,
Didſt thou imbibe th' inſpiring draught
That rais'd thy tuneful voice to ſing?
If thou too deep incautious drink the ſame,
Beware, there's magic in th' enchanting ſtream.

Not

Not more pernicious is the juice
That ſparkles to the laughing eye;
Yet unexperienc'd in the lore,
Of heav'n-inſpired poeſy,
Would'ſt thou on wild ambition's plumes eſſay,
To tow'r aloft, and ſoar th' empyreal way?

Yet let not vain ſurmiſes damp,
Or quench thy true poetic fire:
Be bold; for thus *Mæonides*,
And *Virgil* ſtrung the warbling lyre,
To infant ſtrains whoſe ſweet immortal lore
Sounded in fame, and bade the world adore:

For thus the bird of thund'ring Jove,
On infant plumes eſſay'd to riſe;
Flutt'ring around his lofty neſt,
He ſhuns the danger of the ſkies:
Now bolder grown, he wings the azure way,
And ſprings triumphant to the blaze of day.

In this new world, this happy clime,
Stands § AGAMENTICUS, fair ſeat;
Then leaving *Pindus'* hallow'd mount,
There raiſe thy infant warblings ſweet:
There to the muſes build ſome ſacred ſhrine,
Here let *Pieria* roll her ſtreams divine.

Lo! * Beacon Hill, where cruel Mars
Has now his purple enſigns ſpread,
There let the ſportive *Queen* of verſe,
Her ſiſter train of virgins lead:
There court the muſes while to lave the ſoul,
In Fancy's eye, ſtreams *Heliconian* roll.

Theſe ſacred ſprings ſhall day by day
Thy glowing breaſt inſpire,
More ſmooth ſhall flow thy tuneful verſe,
And ſofter ſound thy lyre;
Sweet as *Ambroſia* fills the bright abodes,
As *Nectar* grateful to th' immortal Gods.

NUMB. XXV.

§ Agamenticus is a noted mountain upon the ſea coaſt, about ſixty miles eaſt of Boſton.

* Beacon-Hill at Boſton, where in time of danger they put up a fire, as a ſignal to ſummon the adjacent country to repair to the defence of the city.

Numb. XXV.

By A. Alexander, A. B.
To the Rev. Dr. Mayhew.

FAR humbler are my weak eſſays,
Than Orpheus' ſtrong commanding lays,
Who charm'd the beſtial throng;
Allur'd the liſt'ning rocks and woods,
And ſtill'd the murmuring ſilver floods
To hear his melting ſong.

How cold and bleak this barren clime!
(A woeful enemy to rhime)
I want a chearful friend;
Of good Falern where ſhall I find
A caſk that may refreſh my mind,
And all its cares unbend.

Hard froſt invades the hoary field,
Cold winter has the floods congeal'd,
White fleeces ſhroud the plain:
The ſtormy winds aſſemble all,
And quite forſake the empty hall
Where bluſt'ring Æolus reigns.

The beauties of the vivid green
On theſe dry plains no more are ſeen,
Nor flow'rs of various dyes;
Vaſt beds of ſnow the hills o'erſpread,
The trees their verdant leaves have ſhed,
And mourn their loſs in ſighs.

The feather'd ſongſters of the grove
From theſe uncouth abodes remove
In queſt of warmer air,
To that bleſt clime whoſe name has been
Deriv'd from England's * virgin Queen;
Or Carolina fair.

The finny ſquadrons of the ſtreams,
Who love to baſk in ſummer beams,
Now dive deep in the flood:
The bear retreats to his ſtrong hold,
Feeds on his fat, and braves the cold;
Safe in the ſhelt'ring wood. But

* Virginia nam'd from Queen Elizabeth, as Carolina is from King Charles.

But ſcotching ſickly Sirius burns,
And Winter freezes us by turns;
Which deadly ſickneſs raiſe:
Our conſtitutions ſtill decay,
And tranſient life quick glides away
Like ſmoke before the blaze:

A mortal ſentence waits us all;
We muſt obey great nature's call,
And yield our vital breath;
Yet thoſe who merit honeſt praiſe,
Shall ſpread their fame to future days,
And ſave their names from death.

Tho' haughty Juno, foe to Troy,
Did Priam's tow'ring walls deſtroy,
And raz'd the Phrygian ſtate;
Yet Priam's glorious name ſtill ſhines
In Homer's heaven-inſpired lines,
To make amends for fate.

NUMB. XXVIII.

By STEPHEN WATTS, A. M.

WHILE o'er Ontario's ſwelling tides
A Britiſh fleet in triumph rides
And ſhocks the Indian's ſight,
While SHIRLEY and his phalanx brave,
Oblige the hoſtile bands to ſave
Their lives by daſtard flight;

SHIRLEY moſt valiant in the field,
In Wiſdom's ſtrongeſt councils ſkill'd,
Threaten's Niagara's towers:
With rage inſpir'd, devoid of fear,
He, boldly charging on their rear,
Drives ſwift the tyrant's powers.

While JOHNSTON red with Gallic gore,
Stains the proud Lily, which no more
Preſerves its native white.
Whither, O GARDNER, flies thy muſe?
Why call'd ſo oft does ſhe refuſe?
Ah whither tends her flight?

Say, which detains the charming maid,
Caſtalio's thick embow'ring ſhade,
Or Hippocrene's ſtream?
Recal her from the ſacred ſpring,
Our leader's great exploits to ſing:
Be theſe her glorious theme.

And bid her bring her harp along----
Let Lydia too attend the ſong;
I know thou lov'ſt her, boy!
Let LOVELL join the tuneful choir,
Attended by his pleaſing lyre
Attun'd to ſounds of joy.

In jocund dance and chearful lay
The merry hours glide ſwift away,
Thrice let us beat the ground:
Then Hippocrene ſtrains ſtill pour----
But you perhaps want ſomething more----
Then let the glaſs go round.

NUMB. XXIX.

By A. ALEXANDER, A. B.

To Governor SHIRLEY.

WHAT mean theſe frequent loud huzzas?
Or why this popular applauſe?
Why ſhine theſe lamps with ſuch refulgent light?
The torches glitt'ring in the air
Extend their lucid rays ſo far,
It ſeems ambiguous whether day or night?

The hollow murmuring engines roar,
And from their wombs bright ſulphur pour;
Feign'd meteors glitter in th' illumin'd ſky:
So blazing comets when they run
In rapid motion round the ſun,
Leave radiant ſtreaks behind them as they fly.

Brave SHIRLEY, Hail! For thy return
Theſe cannons roar, and torches burn;
To thee we dedicate this feſtive day:
NEW-ENGLAND's ſons thy worth confeſs,
And thus their grateful joys expreſs,
And to thy God-like deeds due honors pay.

Nor

Nor thunder loud that rends the ſky,
Nor meteors that around us fly,
Or theatres that with applauſes ring,
Can eternize the Hero's praiſe,
Or make his deeds ſurvive his days,
As can the Muſe whene'er ſhe deigns to ſing.

By her kind aid the loyal bard
Does brave men's gen'rous toils reward,
And aggrandize their names in deathleſs ſtrains:
But when ſhe's ſilent, who pretends
To ſing how craggy rocks and fens
Have been ſurpaſs'd by hardy warriors pains:

How Lake ONTARIO heard th' alarm
Of Britiſh fleets, and thy ſtrong arm,
Who can preſume to ſing without the Muſe?
How much NIAG'RA dreads thy might,
How fam'd our warlike chief's in fight,
No bard dare tell if ſhe her aid refuſe.

But, * Sir, amidſt th' applauding crowd,
Why wears your face that mournful cloud?
Why heaves your breaſt? Why flow thoſe trickling tears?
You ſhould not blame propitious heav'n,
God may demand what he has giv'n,
And take your ſons ev'n in their tender years.

Fond father, give your breaſt relief,
And, pious ſiſters, ceaſe your grief;
Theſe happy youths poſſeſs Elyſian plains:
Their names ſhall mount on fame's high wing,
If any ſoaring Muſe will ſing
Their gen'rous worth in bold advent'rous ſtrains.

My untaught lays, uncouth at beſt,
With no inſpired force are bleſt,
Nor long acquaintance with th' harmonious nine;
Yet their chaſte fame in lofty verſe
Shall ſome more favour'd bard rehearſe,
And guard it ſpotleſs to the end of time.

* Governor Shirley had juſt loſt two ſons, one at Braddock's defeat another by a fever, both hopeful youths.

Numb. XXXI.

By W---------- J----------

HAST thou forgot thy ſteady friend of late?
Or can ſuch caprice now poſſeſs thy pate?
What have I done? Or what's the heinous crime,
That caus'd thy ſilence all this tedious time?
Am I condemn'd like poor Ovidius Naſo,
For writing verſes which I thought might pleaſe ſo?
Or does my want, becauſe you ſeem to know it,
Make you eſteem me as a common poet?
Or has falſe Fame, with her envenom'd ſpite,
Painted thy friend in an unſeemly light?
If ought I have deſerv'd, don't uſe me ill,
Grant me but juſtice, and then take thy will.
Hymen, perhaps, has yok'd thee to a wife,
To prove the plague and torment of thy life:
If ſo, my friend, how can I blame thy ſilence,
Caus'd by her clack which might be heard a mile hence;
With thund'ring peals doth ſhe aſſail thine ear?
Or has ſhe dubb'd thee her moſt favorite deer?
If that's the caſe, I wiſh thy foe no worſe,
For doubtleſs he can have no greater curſe.
I ſhan't intrude upon thy precious time,
But for my blood can't miſs another rhyme,
To ſhew ſincerely I'm diſpos'd to end,
Thy humble ſervant, and thy faithful friend.

Numb. XXXV.

By A. Alexander, A. B.

To Governor Shirley.

IN frozen plight I did ſuſtain
The terrors of the foaming main;
Whilſt Boreas, raging uncontroul'd,
Stiffen'd my ſhudd'ring limbs with cold.
By high ſurrounding ſurges toſs'd,
Our cables broke and anchor loſt;
Our barge on dang'rous ſhoals we found,
Whilſt heav'n in rattling tempeſts frown'd.
My ſpirits ſunk with cares oppreſt,
And ſickly qualms o'erwhelm'd my breaſt;
Yet four days without more alarms
Reſtor'd me to my ſpouſe's arms.

NUMB. XXXIX.

By T----- H-----, Student of Philoſophy.

FREE from troubles, free from pain,
Heedleſs of the Winter's reign,
Or Boreas ſcowling o'er the plain,
Secure while JACKSON lies;
Why not invoke, in ſtrains divine,
Thalia, faireſt of the nine,
And daughter of the ſkies?

If you, neglectful of the lay,
The virgin train deſpiſe,
Some ſtone ſhall mark thy grave, and ſay,
Inglorious here *he lies*,
Who might have ſhone the wonder of the age,
And beam'd a luſtre on bright Glory's page.

Diſeaſe may on thy vitals prey,
Health's vermil roſes ſoon decay,
And ſallow glooms ſucceed;
Or Mars, triumphant on the plain,
Where gaſping thouſands bleed,
May lay thee low untimely with the ſlain:
Fate ſtill demanding ſhakes his urn,
To duſt we all muſt ſoon or late return.

The ſculptur'd piles from Paros brought,
The time-ſtruck cliffs may mould'ring rot,
And vaniſh like a dream;
In clouds of night, from caverns drear,
Earthquakes in groans may ſtruggling tear,
And wreck this goodly frame.

But in the rolls of laſting fame
Wouldſt thou diſtinguiſh'd be,
And boldly vent'ring, give thy name
To glorious immortality?
Be active. Nurſe the heav'nly fire,
Like thoſe fam'd bards before you, ſnatch the lyre,
Like them to glory,---deathleſs fame aſpire.

What had become of Troy's proud king
With regal ſplendors crown'd?
Hector in deeds of valour try'd,
And on the field renown'd?
Or Thetis' ſon, fair virgin of the main?
Or him of Pella, bold in arms, who made
The diſtant Ganges own his wide domain,
And Egypt bend her low ſubmiſſive head?

Unleſs

Unleſs Apollo's pealing throng,
In lyrics bold and ſtrains divine,
Had made their glorious actions ſhine,
Their names to brighten in immortal ſong.
Phidias, whoſe hand th' impaſſion'd glow
To the featur'd marble gave,
And Myron's works long ſince are whelm'd,
Forgoten in oblivion's wave:
The bloom of beauty ſoon ſhall fade,
Subject and Prince alike be made,
The ravage of mortality;
The trophied pile, the breathing buſt,
The works of hoar antiquity,
Shall ſink and moulder in the duſt.
But genius, fame,
Shall, ſtill the ſame,
O'er the rude waſte ſuperior riſe,
And bloom and bloſſom in th' eternal ſkies.

Numb. XLII.

By A. Alexander, A. B.
To Governor Shirley,

HAIL, worthy Sir! thy honor'd name,
Experience, worth and virtuous fame,
To higheſt offices thee rear,
Both to thy prince and country dear.
My hapleſs inauſpicious fate
Condemns me to a joyleſs ſtate;
Vain as the Grecian damſels toils,
Or fabled ſtone that ſtill recoils.
The ſiſters at my birth deſign'd
A life to ſlaviſh ſchools confin'd.
Nigh where majeſtic Del'ware glides
Between his mounds in ſilver tides;
Where gen'rous PENN a city fram'd,
For ſtrange religious folk much fam'd:
None ſuch obey proud OSMAN's throne,
ROME and GENEVA ſuch diſown.
But this I wave: Cold Winter here
Lays waſte the beauties of the year,

The

The groves are robb'd of all their bloom;
The lawns of all their rich purfume;
The murmuring brooks have ceas'd to flow,
And nought is ſeen but heaps of ſnow:
Our limbs are bound in icy chains,
The blood runs chill thro' all our veins;
Beſides, to guard us from the cold
Wood can't be had for love or gold.
Fortune more kind to you, has ſhed
Her choiceſt bleſſings on your head;
Rais'd by your King's impartial hand
To honors and ſupreme command,
In thoſe bleſt iſles where Sol benign
Does on a milder climate ſhine.
By your advice the Engliſh might
Has made NIAGARA our right,
Thoſe towers rais'd on Britain's land
By haughty Gaul, no longer ſtand:
QUEBEC's ſtrong fortreſs lately fell;
ST. LAWRENCE' waves did proudly ſwell,
But ſince we've quell'd the Gallic rage,
We've ſeen his ſtreams their pride aſſwage.
Farewell! But hear the public call,
Purſue the troops of treach'rous Gaul;
Whene'er their fleets your ſhores annoy
Let thund'ring flames their ſhips deſtroy.

The following Tranſlation of Mr. Lovel's *Letter to the Author, who was preparing a Journey by Sea to his Plantation in* Caſco-Bay, *came too late to be inſerted in its proper Place.*

NUMB. XXVI.

By A. ALEXANDER, A. B.

THE weſt winds breathing gently o'er the plains
The ſoft glebe op'ning by the plow-man's pains;
In fondeſt expectation ſeem to burn,
And wait, O BEVERIDGE, thy ſafe return.
Propitious gales will now the main appeaſe,
And waft you ſwiftly thro' the dang'rous ſea
Would Heav'n indulgent her attention lend,
And grant the pray'rs of every pious friend.
Rude ignorance diſpell'd by thee, now ſhuns
New-England's lately rough unpoliſh'd ſons;

Sincerity

Sincerity and candid uprightneſs,
Shall, led by thee, their ſoftned minds poſſeſs.
Reclining here beneath a tow'ring oak,
(If any ſuch eſcape thy pow'rful ſtroke)
Enjoy the cool and hoſpitable ſhade,
And let thy pow'r of muſic be diſplay'd.
The groves reſound, while you ſo boldly ſing;
And touch with ſo much art the Latian ſtring;
Whilſt tuneful flow ſuch eaſy pleaſant ſtrains
As charm'd the Sabine and Venuſian plains.
Let SHIRLEY's deeds thy boldeſt lays inſpire,
A theme moſt worthy thy harmonious lyre;
By whom the woods you traverſe without fear,
And whoſe dear name the groves rejoice to hear.
When ſweetly ſounds thy melting vocal lay,
Or when the ſtrings thy learned touch obey;
Still'd is the murmuring of the limpid floods,
And not a breath diſturbs the liſt'ning woods:
Aſtoniſh'd at the ſound, the feather'd throng
Attentive ſit, and liſten to the ſong;
Strains ſo commanding thro' the grove extend,
That hark'ning trees their pleas'd attention lend.
In former times when Cynthius forſook
The heav'nly manſions for a ſhepherd's crook;
And fed his flock on Theſſaly's rich plains;
He eas'd his toil with ſuch melodious ſtrains.
The Savage wild that thro' the deſart roves,
The monſters that frequent the lonely groves,
Aw'd by thy preſence ſhall paſs harmleſs by;
No perils dare ſuch innocence come nigh.
Nor baleful ſnakes could Flaccus e'er annoy,
Nor furious darts at Philippi deſtroy;
The foſt'ring muſes ſav'd him as he fled;
And doves with leaves the youthful bard o'erſpread.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ERRATA.

Page 20, line 15, r. Sifyphos veros. p. 21, l. 14, r. pifces. p. 41 l. 17. r. montes. p. 33. l. 2, for dum ſtupet r. ſtupeſcit. p. 42, l. 3, r. puſillis. p. 48, l. 31, r. et for at. p. 49, l. 3, and 4, wrong pointed. p. 68, l. 27, r. ſlake. p. 69, l. 2, r. ſhores in ſome copies. p. 70, l. 7, r. vext. p. 71, l. 22. r. reſembles.